

*FRONTISPIECE*  
*to The British Letter Writer.*

*For*  
*See*  
*Vol*



*Printed for J. Cooke in Paternoster-Row.*

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Published by J. C. BRADLEY, 100 N. 3rd St.,  
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Entered as Second-Class Matter, June 15, 1879,  
under Post Office No. 100, Philadelphia, Pa.

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in  
Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1920.

Postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices.

Price 10 Cts.

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A N

# Easy GRAMMAR

## OF THE

### ENGLISH LANGUAGE

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*Of Grammar.*

**G**RAMMAR is the Art of Speaking and Writing any Language right and properly, and it has four Parts, and these are called, *Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody.*

But as this Book is not intended for infants, I presume every Person that has it, must already know that Letters make Syllables, Syllables make Words, Words make Sentences, &c. therefore I shall begin with

*Stops or Points, and Marks or Notes.*

As Writing is the very Image of Speech, there are several Points and Marks made use of in it, not only to mark the Distance of Time in pronouncing, but also to prevent any Confusion or Obscurity in the Sense of the Writer, whereby it may the more readily be distinguished and comprehended by the Reader.

There are four Points or Stops used in Reading, viz. *Comma, Semicolon, Colon, Period or full Stop.*

The *Comma* marked thus ( , ) is the shortest Pause; as *O Sing unto the Lord, for he is merciful, long-suffering, slow to Wrath, abounding in Goodness and Truth.*

A *Semicolon*, marked thus ( ; ) is a Pause somewhat longer than a *Comma*. This Point ought to be made in the Sub-division of the Members of a Sentence; *As the Shadow moves, and we do not perceive it; or as the Tree grows, and we do not apprehend it; so Man, &c.*

A *Colon*, marked thus, ( : ) is used when the Sense is perfect, but the Sentence not quite ended; as, *If the Enemy advances, I command you to give Battle: if not, march strait to the City.*

A *Period* marked thus, ( . ) is the greatest Pause, and is made when the Sentence is completely ended; as, *Learning makes Life sweet, and produces Pleasure, Tranquility, Glory, and Praise.*

An *Interrogation* marked thus ( ? ) is made when a Question is asked; as, *Will you grant me this Favour; will you lend me Fifty Pounds?*

An *Exclamation*, *Admiration*, or *Wonder*, marked thus ( ! ) is a Direction for raising the Tone of Voice upon some vehement Passion being expressed: as, *O that Villain! O wretched Man! O that I had never been born!*

The Marks or Notes to be met with in Reading are,

1. An *Apostrophe*, marked thus ( ' ) used to abbreviate a Word.

2. *Caret*, thus ( ^ ) placed where some Word is left out in Writing, and put over it. This is also called a *Circumflex*, when placed over some Vowel of a Word to denote a long Syllable; as *Euphrâtes*.

3. An *Hyphen*, thus ( - ) used in joining the Syllables of Words, and compounded Words together; as *Bed-chamber*.

4. An *Accent*, thus ( ' ) being placed over a Vowel, denotes that the Tone or Stress of the Voice in Pronouncing is upon that Syllable.

5. *Breve* ( ˘ ) is a crooked Mark for a Vowel, and denotes that it is sounded quick.

6. *Diæresis*, thus ( ¨ ) is two Points placed over two Vowels, that would otherwise make a Diphthong, and parts them into two Syllables.

7. *Parenthesis*, thus ( ) serves to illustrate a Sentence, and may be left out, and yet the Sense remain intire.

8. A *Paragraph*, thus ( ¶ ) placed at the Beginning of a new Discourse, and denotes what is contained in a Sentence or Period.

9. A *Quotation*, thus ( " ) to signify the Words so marked are transcribed from the Writings of another in his own Words: *Or the Expressions of another in his own Words.*

10. An

10. An *Index* (☞) shews somewhat very remarkable.
11. A *Section*, thus ( § ) is the Sub-division of a Discourse, or Chapter, into lesser Parts or Portions.
12. An *Afterisin*, thus (\*), an *Obelisk* (†); and *Parallels* (||), with the Letters of the Alphabet, Figures, &c. refer to the Margin or Bottom of the Page.

*Of Capitals, or Great Letters.*

1. **A**LL proper Names of Persons, Places, Seas, Rivers, Ships, Winds, Months, &c. should be distinguished by beginning with Capital Letters.
2. Always begin a Noun Substantive in a Sentence with a Capital.
3. Let the first Word of every Epistle, Book, Note, Verse, Bill, &c. begin with a Capital.
4. If any Saying, or Passage, of an Author, be quoted in his own Words, it begins with a Capital, though it be not immediately after a full Stop.
5. Write not a Capital in the Middle of a Word among small Letters.

*Of Etymology.*

**E**Tymology treats of the Kinds of Words, and their Derivation, Change, Analogy, or Likeness to one another.

*Of the Eight Parts of Speech.*

**E**VERY Word being considered as a Part of our Speech or Discourse, we reckon up eight Sorts of Words of a different Nature, which we call Eight Parts of Speech. Their Names are,

*Noun,  
Pronoun,  
Verb,  
Participle,*

*Adverb,  
Conjunction,  
Preposition,  
Interjection.*

By Eight Parts of Speech are meant eight Sorts of Words which are used in Discourse. And tho' there are thousands of Words in the English Language, yet there are but eight Sorts; for every Word we use in speaking, is either a Noun (or an Adjective, which

signifies the Quality or Manner of a Noun) or a Pronoun, or a Verb, or a Participle, or an Adverb, or a Conjunction, or a Preposition, or an Interjection.

The Parts of Speech are the same in *English* as in *Latin*: And in all other Languages as well as *Latin*: For that which is a Noun in *English*, is a Noun in the *Latin*, *Greek*, *Hebrew*, *French*, &c. Languages.

#### Of a Noun.

A Noun is the Name of a Thing that may be perceived either by the Senses or Understanding. So that whatever can be heard, seen, smelt, tasted, felt or understood, is a Noun. And a Noun Substantive is the Thing itself; as *a Man, a Boy, a Dog, a Pen*. And the Adjective is a Word that expresses the Qualities or Properties of a Thing; as *rich Man, poor Boy, wise, foolish, great, small, &c.* For if any one says, *I see a rich, I see a poor, &c.* in these Sayings there is no Sense, nor do I understand the Meaning of them; but it requires that a Substantive be added to each Adjective to make Sense; as, *I see a rich, what? Man; I see a poor Boy, &c.*

In Nouns there are two Numbers, the Singular and the Plural: The singular Number is used when we speak of one single Thing; as, *a Boy, a Dog, a Tree*. The plural Number is used when we speak of more Things than one; as, *Boys, Dogs, Trees*. The plural Number is commonly made by adding (*s*) to the Singular, as *Boy, Boys, Dog, Dogs, Tree, Trees*. But when the singular Number ends in *ch, sh, ss, or x*, then the Pronunciation requires that (*es*) be added to the Singular; as *Church, Church-es, Brush, Brush-es, Witness, Witmess-es, Box, Box-es*. But if the singular Number ends in *se, ze, ce*, or in *ge*, pronounced soft, then the (*s*) that is added, cannot be heard in the Sound, except it make another intire Syllable; as *Horse* in the Singular has but one Syllable, *Horses* in the Plural two; *Breeze* one, *Breez-es* two; *Face* one, *Fac-es* two; *Age* one, *Ag-es* two. Words that end in (*f*) or (*fe*) do, for their better sounding, make their Plural by changing (*f*) and (*fe*) into (*ves*); as,

Sing.



# ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

5

Sing.		Plur.	Sing.		Plur.
<i>Calf</i>	} makes {	<i>Calves</i>	<i>Self</i>	} makes {	<i>Selves</i>
<i>Half</i>		<i>Halves</i>	<i>Thief</i>		<i>Thieves, &amp;c.</i>

Tho' not always; for these Words following, with several others, follow the general Rule of (*s*); as, *Hoof, Hoofs; Roof, Roofs; Grief, Grievs; Dwarf, Dwarfs*; so likewise *Mischief, Handkerchief, Relief*, make their Plural by adding (*s*); and also Words ending in (*ff*), as, *Ruff, Muff, Cuff, Snuff, Stuff, Puff*, but *Staff*, altho' it ends in (*ff*), makes *Staves* in the Plural. Some Words make their Plural by adding *en*, as, *Child, Children; Brother, Brethren, or Brothers; Man, Men; Woman, Women; Ox, Oxen; Chicken* is not Plural, for we say *Chickens*, not *Chicks*, Singular *Chicken*. Some Words form their Plural otherwise than by adding *s, es, or en*, to the Singular, and are therefore irregular; as,

Sing.		Plur.	Sing.		Plur.
<i>Die</i>	} makes {	<i>Dice</i>	<i>Penny</i>	} makes {	<i>Pence</i>
<i>Mouse</i>		<i>Mice</i>	<i>Tooth</i>		<i>Teeth, &amp;c.</i>

And some Words have no singular Number, as *Ashes, Bowels, Bellows, Breeches, Entrails, Lungs, Scissars, Snuffers, Tongs, Wages*. And many Words have no plural Number, as the Names of Men and Women, Cities, Mountains, Rivers, &c. The Names of Virtues, Vices, Metals, Corns, except *Bean*, which makes *Beans*, and *Pea, Peas*. The Names of most Herbs, and also the Words *Ale, Beer, Bread, Butter, Honey, Milk*, with many others, want the plural Number.

## Of the Genitive Case.

THE *English* have but one Case, and that is the Genitive, which ends in the Singular and Plural in *s*, or *es*, if the Pronunciation requires it; as *Pope's Works*, or the Works of *Pope*; *Milton's Poems*, or the Poems of *Milton*; *Tate's Psalms*, or the Psalms of *Tate*, &c.

## Of Gender.

THE *English* properly have no Genders; and as we have one great Advantage above all others, in

in being freed from the Trouble of Variety of Cases, because the Nouns have no Diversity of Endings; so likewise our having no Difference of Genders is an Advantage full as great as the former: All Languages, both ancient and modern, admitting of Difference in Gender in their Nouns except the *English* and *Chinese* Languages.

By Gender is meant the Distinction of Sex, or the Difference between Male and Female. We have four Ways of distinguishing two Genders, of the Male and Female Sex.

1. When we would express the Difference of Sex, we do it (after the same Manner as we distinguish the Ages and other Accidents) by different Words. So in Relation to Persons:

Male.	Female.	Male.	Female.
Batchelor, Maid, Virgin.		Drone.	Bee.
Boy,	Girl.	Father,	Mother.
Bridegroom,	Bride.	Gander,	Goose.
Brother,	Sister.	Horse,	Mare.
Buck,	Doe,	Husband,	Wife, &c.

2. But when there are not two different Words to express both Sexes, or when both Sexes are comprehended under one Word, then we add another Word to distinguish the Sex; as *a Male Child*, *a Female Child*, *a He Goat* for the Male, *a She Goat* for the Female.

3. We sometimes add another Substantive to the Word to distinguish the Sex; as *a Man Servant*, *a Maid Servant*, *a Cock Sparrow*, *a Hen Sparrow*.

4. There are likewise several Words which distinguish the Female from the Male Sex by the Ending *ess*; as,

Male	Female.	Male.	Female.
Abbot,	Abbess.	Heir,	Heirefs.
Actor,	Actress.	Hunter,	Huntress.
Adulterer,	Adulteress.	Jew,	Jewess.
Baron	Baroness.	Lion,	Lioness.
Governor,	Governess.	Master,	Mistress, &c.

*Note,*

## ENGLISH GRAMMAR. 7

*Note,* That the common and ordinary Words we use to express the Difference of Sex by, are *He* and *She*. When we speak of the Male Sex, we use the Word *He*; and when we speak of the Female Sex, we use the Word *She*: But when we speak of a Thing that is neither of the Male nor Female Sex, but inanimate, we use the Word *It*.

### *Of the Articles.*

**A**N Article is a Word or Syllable set before a Substantive for the more particular expressing of it; as, *a Book*; that is, *some Book*, or other; *the Man*; that is, *some certain Man spoke of before*. There are only two Articles in the English Language, *a* and *the*; and these are really Adjectives, and are used almost in the same Manner as other Adjectives. *A* is wrote before a Word beginning with a Consonant; but when the Substantive begins with a Vowel, or *b*, if the *b* be not sounded, then we write *an* instead of *a*; as, *an As*, *an Eye*, *an Hour*, but *a Hare*, *a Hand*, &c. because the *b* is sounded. *A* is an Article of Number, and signifies as much as *one*, and is put for it; as, *a Man*, i. e. *one Man*; *an Hour*, i. e. *one Hour*; and it is therefore set only before Words of the singular Number. *The* is a demonstrative Article, because it shews what particular Person or Thing you mean in speaking or writing; *the* is wrote before the singular and plural Number; as, *the Man*, *the Men*; *the As*, *the Asses*.

### *Of the Comparison of Adjectives.*

**C**OMPARISON is the Altering the Signification of a Word into more or less Degrees, whereby we say that one Thing is *light*, another *lighter*, and a third *lightest*. And only Adjectives are compared; they being only capable of having their Signification increased or diminished. There are three Degrees of Comparison; the Positive, the Comparative, and the Superlative. The Positive Degree is the Adjective itself simply, without any Likeness or Comparison, as *soft*, *hard*, *great*. The Comparative heightens or lessens the Positive in Signification, as *softer*, *harder*, *greater*.

*greater.* The superlative heightens or lessens the Quality to a very high or a very low Degree, as *softest, hardest, greatest.*

There are some Adjectives which are not compared according to the foregoing Rules, and are therefore irregular; as,

Pos.	Com.	Super.	Pos.	Com.	Super.
good,	better,	best.	little,	less,	least.
bad,	worse,	worst.	much,	more,	most.

*Note,* That some Adverbs are also compared, as *up, upper, uppermost; above, over, overmost; behind, binder, bindermost; beneath, nether, nethermost; oft, oftner, oftenest, &c.* All Adjectives cannot be compared, because their Signification does not admit of Increase; as *all, every one, any, each, some, &c.* And it would not be good English to say, *more wiser, and most wisest;* for we ought to say, *wiser, or more wise; wisest, or most wise.*

#### *Of the Pronouns.*

**A** Pronoun is a Part of Speech which is used instead of a Noun Substantive, and can supply the Want of a Noun Substantive properly; as instead of saying, *Thou John didst it,* I say, *Thou didst it:* So instead of saying, *He Thomas did it,* I say, *He did it;* and instead of saying, *the Book of David,* we say, *his Book, &c.* All Discourse is confined to three Heads; for we either speak of *ourselves, to another, or of another:* And these three Heads are called by the Name of Persons, there being three Persons in Discourse; that is, three Heads which comprehend and contain all the Branches of our Discourse or Speech. There are four Kinds of Pronouns, viz. *personal, demonstrative, relative, and interrogative.* The personal Pronouns are, *I, thou, you, he, she, thee, him, her.* The demonstrative Pronouns are, *this, that.* Note 1. *This* in the Plural makes *these;* and *that* makes *those.* Note 2. *That* is frequently used instead of *who, whom, or which,* though not properly.

*He, that, who, whom,* without a Question, are called *Relatives;* and *what, which, who, whom, whose, when*



when we ask a Question, are called Interrogatives. Note, That *whose* and *its* are Genitives instead of *of whom*, *of it*.

*Of Verbs.*

**A** Verb is a Word that betokens Being, Doing, or Suffering: Or it is that Part of Speech which expresses what is affirmed or said of Things, 1. *Being* denotes the being in some Posture or Situation, or Circumstance, or some way or other affected; as, *to stand, to sit, to lie, to be cold, &c.* 2. *Doing* denotes all Manner of Action; as, *to eat, to fight, to write.* 3. *Suffering* denotes the Impressions that Persons or Things receive. Those Verbs that signify merely *Being*, are called essential Verbs; those that signify *Doing*, are called Verbs active, those that signify *Suffering*, are called Verbs passive. But we have in our Tongue no Verbs passive.

A Verb has two Forms or Voices; the active and passive. The active Voice expresses what is done by the Nominative or Person, the Agent before it; as, *I love, I hate.* The passive Voice, which is made by the helping Verb *am*, expresses what is done to, or suffered by the Nominative or Person, the Patient before it; as, *I am burned, I am hated.* There are three Tenses or Times, because all Time is either *past, present, or to come*; that is, 1. the *present* Time that now is; 2. the *preter* or *past* Time, that is past; 3. the *future* Time, that is yet to come. But an English Verb has only two Tenses or Times distinguished by different Terminations, *viz.* the present Time and the preter Times. The present Tense or Time is the Verb itself, as *mourn*; and the preterite or past Time is commonly made by adding *ed* to it, or *d* when it ends in *e*, as *mourned, beloved.*

*Of the Verb Active and Neuter.*

**A** Verb *Active* is a Verb that can have after it a Noun signifying the Subject of the Action or impression

impression that the Verb is used to denote: Or it signifies so to act, as that the Action passes over upon some other Thing; as, *to receive a Wound, to fight a Lion, to kill a Dog.*

A Verb *Neuter* is a Verb which signifies the State or Being, and sometimes the Action of a Person or Thing; but it can have no Noun after it. That is, when it denotes Action, the Action does not pass upon any other Thing: For we do not say, *to creep a Thing, to walk a Thing, &c.* This Verb is also called a Verb absolute, because the Action is terminated in the same Person or Thing; as, *John laughs, Mary grieves, &c.* Here the Action does not pass upon a Subject different from them who act. Hence it appears, that there are two Sorts of Neuter Verbs:

1. One Sort that does not signify Action, but denotes the Being or State of a Person or Thing, either in respect to its Posture or Situation; as, *to sit, to lie, to hang, &c.*
2. The other Sort of Verbs Neuter signify Action, but in such a Manner, that the Action does not pass upon a Subject different from what acts; as, *to creep, to walk, &c.* So, *the Horse walks*; here the Action of Walking does not pass upon any other Subject, but the Action is terminated in the Horse's Self. Though some Verbs are Neuter, which signify Action, and expressed like Verbs passive; as, *I am grieved, for I grieve; I am rejoiced, for I rejoice; I am laid, for I lie, &c.*

#### *Of the Adverb.*

**A**N Adverb is a Part of Speech (or a Word) that is joined to a Verb, Adjective, Participle, or to another Adverb, to shew some Quality, Manner, or Circumstance thereof. 1. When joined to a Verb, the Verb signifies *Being, Doing, or Suffering*; the Adverb is joined to it to shew how, or whether or no, or when, or where one is, does, or suffers; as *the Boy reads WELL, but behaves ILL; he reads NOW, he reads THEN, he reads THERE.* 2. To an Adjective;

tive; as, *the Man is NOW good, though LATELY wicked.* 3. To a Participle; as, *ONCE the Boy learned very WELL, but NOW is idle by indulging.* 4. To another Adverb; as, *he is NOW very rich, though lately very poor.* There are many kinds of Adverbs; as,

1. Of Time; as, *to-day, to-morrow, yester-day, not yet, now.*

2. Of Place; as, *here, there, above, below, whither, where.*

3. Of Number; as, *once, twice, thrice, seldom, rarely.*

4. Of Order; as, *lately, last of all, secondly, thirdly.*

5. Of Quantity; as, *enough, sufficient.*

6. Of Affirming; as, *yea, yes.*

7. Of Denying; as, *nay, no, not.*

8. Of Doubting; as, *perhaps, peradventure.*

9. Of Comparing; as, *how, as, so, more, less, very.*

10. Of Quality; of which Sort there are a great Number ending in *ly*, that are formed of Adjectives; as, *barely, constantly, justly, falsely, prudently, &c.* and they commonly admit of Comparison, and are compared by *more* and *most*; as, *prudently, more prudently, most prudently.*

#### *Of a Conjunction.*

**A** Conjunction is a Part of Speech which joins Sentences together, and shews the Manner of their Dependence upon one another.

Of Conjunctions there are several Sorts; as,

1. Copulative; as, *and, also, both, neither, nor.*

2. Disjunctive; as, *either, or.*

3. Concessive; as, *though, although, albeit.*

4. Adversative; as, *but, yet, notwithstanding, nevertheless.*

5. Casual; as, *for, that, because.*

## Of Interjections.

**A**N Interjection is a Part of Speech thrown into Discourse; and it is a compendious Way of expressing a whole Sentence in one Word; and used only to represent the Passions and Emotions of the Soul, that the Shortness of the one might the sooner express the Suddenness and Quickness of the other.

Of Interjections there are several Sorts.

Joy; as, *hey! brave! io!*

Grief; as, *ah! alas! woe's me!*

Wonder; as, *O strange! &c. &c. &c.*

## Of the Accent.

The Accent never changes its Place when (*ness*) is added to a Dyssyllable; as, *Righteousness* from *righteous*, &c.

When the Consonant before the Penult is doubled; as, *Apparel, astonish, consider, immodest*, &c.

When the Penult is short by Position; as, *accomplish, abandon*, &c. from this except *Overture*.

As the Accent is the Rising or Falling the Voice upon some Syllable in the Word, so Emphasis is the Rising or Falling of the Voice upon such a Word or Words in a Sentence, wherein the Force of the Sense doth more peculiarly consist; and is usually distinguished by putting such Words in another Character, such as the *Italick*, &c.

Quantity is the Length or Shortness of Syllables. A long Syllable takes double the Time that is required to pronounce a short one; marked thus, long ( - ), and ( v ) short; as, *rôb*, short; *rôbe*, long.





THE  
*British* LETTER-WRITER.

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PART I.  
On BUSINESS.

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LETTER I.

*To a Merchant or Tradesman offering Correspondence.*

SIR,

*London, Sept. 6, 1765.*

MY Apprenticeship with Mr. Johnson being expired; during which I had most convincing Proofs of the Integrity as well as Punctuality of your Dealings; I am thereby induced now to offer you my Correspondence; and doubt not but you will use me as well as you have done him; in Return you may expect the same Punctuality with regard to my Payments. In doing this you cannot disoblige Mr. *Johnson*, since my Shop is at too great a Distance from his, to be in the least prejudicial to his Interest. I depend upon your sending me the following Order as cheap as possible, and am,

SIR,

*Your humble Servant.*

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2 The BRITISH

LETTER II.

*The Merchant or Tradesman's Answer.*

**Y**OURS I received, and chearfully embrace the proffered Favour; having the utmost Reason to conclude, that a good Apprentice will make a good Master. I wish you Success in Business, and have taken Care to serve you in the same Manner as Mr. *Johnson*, not doubting, but that you will make as punctual Returns as he does; which intitles him to a more favourable Usage than could be otherwise afforded. I have sent the Contents of your Order by the *Charming Molly*, Captain *Trueman*, in seven Bales, marked I O; and am  
*Your obliged Servant.*

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LETTER III.

*To a Correspondent, desiring a Remittance of Cash.*

SIR,

**I**AM sorry, that the present Situation of my affairs constrains me to request of you the Ballance of Accounts between us. Though they have been of long standing, yet would I not have applied to you, had I known so well how to answer my pressing Occasions any other Way. If it suits you not to pay the Whole, I beg, Sir, you will remit me as much towards it as you can, without Prejudice to your own Affairs; and it will extremely oblige

*Your most humble Servant.*

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LETTER IV.

*The Correspondent's Answer.*

SIR,

**I**T affords me the highest Pleasure, that I can immediately remit you a Note of fifty Pounds; and at the same Time assure you, that I have the pleasing  
Hope

## LETTER-WRITER. 3

Hope of being able in a very short Time to adjust the whole Account, which done, shall commence a fresh one ; and which I hope to be more punctual in discharging, than I have been in the last. I am, very sincerely,

*Your Friend and Servant.*

## LETTER V.

*A more urgent Demand of Payment.*

Mr. Smith,

**T**HE Exigence of Affairs compels me thus importunately, nay peremptorily to write to you. Can you think it possible to carry on Business after the Manner you act by me ? You know what Promises you have made, and how, from Time to Time, you have broken them. Can I therefore depend upon any new ones you make ? If you use others as you do me, how can you think of carrying on Business ? If you do not, what must I think of a Man, who deals worse by me, than he does with others ? If you think you may trespass more upon me, than you can on others, that is a very bad Compliment to my Prudence, or your own Gratitude ; for, surely, good Usage should be entitled to good Usage. I know how to allow for Disappointments as well as any Man ; but can a Man be disappointed for ever ? Trade is so independent a Thing, that it cannot be carried on without mutual Punctuality. Does not the Merchant expect it from me, for those very Goods I send you ? And can I make a Return to him, without receiving it from you ? What End can it answer to give you two Years Credit, and then be at an Uncertainty, for Goods which I sell at a small Profit, and have not six Months Credit for myself ? Indeed, Sir, this will never do. I must be more punctually used by you, or else must deal as little punctually with others ; and what then must be the Consequence ? In short, Sir, I expect a handsome Payment by the next Return, and Security for the Re-

mainder; and shall be very loth to take any harsh Methods to procure this Justice to myself, my Family, and my own Creditors. For I am, if it be not your own Fault,

*Your faithful Friend and Servant.*

## LETTER VI.

*Answer to the former.*

SIR,

**T**HE Justice of your Demand I cannot deny, but must beg Leave to assure you, that nothing but the absolute Want of Power prevented my Compliance.

To atone however for past Deficiencies, I send you the inclosed Draught for fifty Pounds, which you will be pleased to carry to my Credit; and assure you of more punctual Treatment for the future. Your Letter is no bad Lesson to me; I have conned it often, and hope to improve by it. I am ready to give you my Bond for the Remainder, Part of which I will keep paying every Month, till it is all discharged; what I write to you for in the Interim, shall be paid for on Receipt of the Goods. This, I hope, Sir, will satisfy you for the present. If I could do better, I would, but shall be streightened to do this; but, I think, in Return for your Patience, I cannot do less, to convince you, that I am now, at last, in earnest. I beg you will continue to me the same good Usage and Service I have met with from you hitherto; and that you will believe me to be, unfeignedly,

*Your obliged humble Servant.*

## LETTER VII.

*From a Tenant to a Landlord, excusing Delay of Payment.*

SIR,

**M**Y Inability to comply with your reasonable Expectations, gives me the utmost Concern. I have sustained such heavy Losses, and met with such great Disap-



## LETTER-WRITER.

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Disappointments of late, that I must intrude another Quarter on your Goodness. Then whatever Shifts I am put to, you shall hear to more Satisfaction than at present, from,

S I R,

*Your most humble Servant.*

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## LETTER VIII.

*From a Country Tenant on the same Occasion.*

*Good Sir,*

I Am very sorry, that I am thus obliged, through many unforeseen Accidents, both in my Farm and Family, to beg your Patience a Month or two longer. The Wheat-harvest, I hope, will furnish me with the Means to answer your just Expectations, which will be a great Contentment to

*Your honest Tenant, and humble Servant.*

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## LETTER IX.

*Answer to the former.*

*Mr. Benwell,*

FROM your former Punctuality, I am induced to believe you are an honest Man, and as I am unwilling to distress any honest Man, comply with your Desire, but hope that I shall not meet with the worse Usage for my Forbearance; for Lenity abused, even in generous Tempers, provokes Returns, that some People would call severe; but should not be deemed such, if just. I am

*Yours, &c.*

## LETTER X.

*Soliciting the Loan of a Sum of Money from a Friend.*

*Dear Sir,*

**R**ELYING on our long and disinterested Friendship, and the Sense you have long possessed of my Principles, I thus presume to request the Loan of Thirty Guineas for about a Month, if you can spare that Sum without Detriment to yourself.

I have been disappointed and pressed for Money at the same Time: It is an unlucky, but not an uncommon Circumstance. You will believe me, that I would not ask this of you, if I were not certain to give it to you back; but if it be the least Inconvenience to you to spare the Money at all, or to be so long without it, pray refuse me,

*I am, dear Sir,*

*Yours with the greatest Sincerity.*

## LETTER XI.

*A generous Offer of Assistance to a Friend, who had sustained great Losses by the Failure of a Correspondent.*

*Dear Sir,*

**A**S Friendship is always best tried by Adversity, I take this earliest Opportunity of condoling with you on the Loss I am informed you sustain by the Failure of Mr. *Watts*. I hope you behave under it like the Man of Prudence you have always shewn yourself, and as one who knows how liable all Men are to Misfortunes. As I am really desirous of giving you Consolation, I cheerfully offer my Service to answer any present Demand, and you are at Liberty to draw upon me to the Amount of 200*l.* which you may have the Use of for a Twelvemonth or more, if your Affairs require it. In accepting of which you will give great Pleasure to

*Your sincere Friend.*

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## LETTER XII.

*Answer to the former.**My dear Friend,*

**W**ORDS fail me, when I attempt to express the Sense I retain of your generous, benevolent Offer. My Loss indeed is heavy, but I find that so kind a Friend is capable of making it light. I thankfully accept of a Part of your generous Offer, and am ready to give you my Bond for 100*l.* payable in a Year. This Sum is all I shall have Occasion for; and if I did not know I could then return it, would not accept of your Favour. I am, dear Sir,

*Your most faithful**and obliged humble Servant.*

## LETTER XIII.

*From an Insolvent Debtor, requesting the Acceptance of a Composition.**S I R,*

**T**HE melancholy Occasion of these Lines give me no less Concern, than I apprehend they will you Surprise; but I think it my Duty thus ingenuously to acquaint you, that through some unforeseen Accidents, it is impossible for me to carry on Business longer. I am sorry, Sir, that your Debt is so large, and the Composition I am able to make so small; for I am able to pay but five Shillings in the Pound. I have however the Comfort of being conscious that my Intentions were always honest, and that it would have given the highest Pleasure to me fully to have discharged every Debt I have contracted. If, upon the Inspection of my Books, you will accept of such a Dividend as I am able to make, my other Creditors, I have Reason to hope, will follow your Example. They are to have a Meeting next *Tuesday*, at the *Feathers*, in our Town;

and a favourable Line from you, who are my principal Creditor, will have much Weight with them, and lay me under the greatest Obligation. I shall think myself bound in Honour and Conscience, if ever Providence should place me in a prosperous Situation, to pay what you, and my other Creditors, will lose by accepting the Composition. I am,

S I R,

*Your most unhappy,*

*and most humble Servant.*

## LETTER XIV.

*The Answer.*

S I R,

I AM no less concerned than surpris'd at the unexpected News of your Misfortune; and as you have maintained a Correspondence with Honour, for several Years, I am perswaded of your Integrity; readily consent to accept of the Composition you mention. I have appointed Mr. *Lawson*. a very honest Attorney of your Town, to act for me in your Affairs, and have wrote to him accordingly. I always thought you a very honest Man, and have therefore desired him to exert himself in your Behalf with your other Creditors, in order to bring them to amicable Terms. He is also to examine your Books, and make such Inquiries as he shall judge necessary; and if every thing turns out as I wish, I shall very readily give you fresh Credit. I heartily wish you better Days, and am

*Your real Friend,*

WILLIAM LEWIS.

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## LETTER XV.

*From a young Person near the Expiration of his Apprenticeship, to a Relation, requesting his Assistance towards putting him into Business.*

S I R,

THE extraordinary Kindness you have shewn to our unhappy Family, ever since my earliest Years, has made an indelible Impression on my Mind; and I flatter myself that I have not swerved during the Course of my advancing Years, either in Point of Duty or Gratitude. I may be mistaken in what I imagine farther, but have always thought you had no small Hand in putting me out; for I think my Father could not have commanded such a Sum of Money, without the Assistance of some generous Friend, and I can think of none but you. If this be the Case, Sir, I may be the more ashamed to write to you upon the present Occasion, since it is Ingratitude to make one Benefit the Cause of asking others: But I will venture to say in my own Favour, that I think my Behaviour the Time I have been with my Master, will not make against me in the Application. If I ask what to you shall seem improper, all that I farther request is to be pardoned.

Sir, I have at present before me the Prospect of being a Journeyman at a small Salary, and just getting Bread, and that of being Master in one of the most advantageous Trades: And this is the Time of fixing myself in one Situation or the other. I am sensible, Sir, you will see the Design of this Letter, because the becoming a Master cannot be done without Money, and I have no where to apply for such an Assistance but to your Favour: A moderate Sum, Sir, will answer the Purpose; and I think I am so well acquainted with the Trade, as to be able soon to repay it; at least, I am sure I can take Care that the Value of it shall be always kept in Stock, so that there can be no Risk of losing any Part of it. I have made the Computation, and with 100*l.* carefully laid out, I

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can make all the Shew that is necessary, and have all Conveniencies about me. If you will be so generous, Sir, to compleat the Goodness you have already begun, by lending me this Sum, there is nothing shall tempt me to endanger your losing any Part of it; nor shall any thing ever make me forget the Obligation.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your most obliged, and*

*Most obedient humble Servant.*

## LETTER XVI.

*From a Youth at the University, desirous of borrowing Money of a Family-Acquaintance.*

*S I R,*

**I** Should not thus intrude on your Kindness, were I not conscious that my own Conduct bears no Part in the melancholy Occasion of these Lines. Bereft of an affectionate Parent, and with him, of the Means necessary for the Prosecution of my Studies; I can have no other Prospect, if not assisted by some benevolent Hand, than that Penury which must result to every one in my Situation from Want of Friends, and consequently Want of Preferment. I know you are so distant a Relation, that I can have no Right to expect any Favour from you upon that Account; but I have heard my Father often mention your Name, and always with the greatest Respect. Sir, if you entertain the same Remembrance of him that he always did of you, and if your Fortune is so plentiful as I am told, perhaps you will not only pardon the present Application, as strange as it may seem from one whom you never saw, but comply with my Request of supplying me with fourteen Pounds seven Shillings, which will answer all my present Demands; and perhaps, before new Difficulties fall upon me, I may find some Friend to relieve me farther. I only request of you, Sir, if you decline this, not to be  
offended

# LETTER-WRITER.

II

offended at the Presumption of the Application; because I would avoid nothing so carefully, as offending those whom my Father valued. I am,

*With the greatest Respect,*

S I R,

*Your most obedient humble Servant.*

## LETTER XVII.

*In Answer to the former.*

*Dear Sir,*

FROM the Stile in which you have applied to me, you seem to be wholly unacquainted with the Respect I bear to the Memory of your worthy Father; whose Generosity was the original Cause of my Promotion. Constrained therefore by every Tie of Gratitude, I have ordered twenty Pounds to be paid to the Stage-Coachman, who will take Charge of it, and bring it to you; and I pray you to let me know the Nature of your Affairs at College, for my low Education has given me no Knowledge of this; and whatever is necessary, you shall most willingly receive from me. Look no farther, Sir, for a Friend, for you shall want no other. When it is your Time of coming away for your Holidays, let my House be your Home: And, dear young Man, if you can condescend to humble yourself so far, be for the future my Son. A wise Restriction from your Father, prevented my marrying when I was very young; since that Time my Mind has been taken up with Business; and, at these Years I am sure I never shall. He little supposed, that in preventing my marrying foolishly, he was providing a Father for a destitute Son of his own; but Heaven orders all Things right. Pray write to me again immediately. I am

*Your faithful Friend.*

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*Your faithful Friend.*

## LETTER XVIII.

*Chastising a Friend for Breach of Promise in not returning Money lent.*

S I R,

I AM sorry that your Breach of Promise not only induces me to alter my Opinion of your Principles, but reduces me to the disagreeable Necessity of assuring you, that my Attachment to your Interest has involved me in many Difficulties. I have always endeavoured to manage my Affairs with so much Prudence, as to keep within myself the Power of answering Demands upon me, without troubling my Friends; and I told you, I must expect you would keep your Word exactly to the four Months, or else I should be distressed, as bad as you were when you applied to me. Six Months passed, and you took no Manner of Notice of the Matter, when I was forced to remind you of it, having been put to it, as I told you I should. You took a Fortnight longer, under still stronger Promises of Performance. And three Weeks are now expired, and your second Promises are still as much to be performed as your first. Is this kind, is this friendly, is it grateful, Sir, let me ask you? And ought I to be made to suffer in my Credit, who was so ready to save yours? —When, too, mine had been in no Danger, had I not put out of my own Power, what was then actually in it? I will only say, That if any Consideration remains with you for one so truly your Friend, let me immediately be paid, and take from me the cruel Necessity of reproaching you for Ingratitude, and myself for Folly: Who am,

S I R,

*Your unkindly used, &c.*

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## LETTER XIX.

*Recommending a Man Servant.*

S I R,

HAVING experienced the Integrity and Ability of the Bearer, in a Series of five Years Servitude, I can take upon me to recommend him to your Family, as qualified for the Business he undertakes, and doubt not, but your employing him will tend to your mutual Advantage. I am,

S I R,

*Yours, &c.*

## LETTER XX.

*Recommending a Cook Maid.*

Madam,

PURsuant to Desire I applied for, and have at length procured you a Cook, whom I venture to affirm will answer your most sanguine Expectations.—The Lady whom she last served has assured me of her Sobriety, Honesty, good Nature, as well as Ability in her Profession. I therefore thought you could not wish for a properer Person; and shall be glad it proves so. For I am,

Madam,

*Your most obedient Servant.*

## LETTER XXI.

*From a Servant in Town to his Master in the Country.*

S I R,

AS you are detained from your Family longer than expected, I thought it my Duty to acquaint you that we are all well at Home; and to assure you, that your Business shall be carried on with the same Care and Fidelity

Fidelity as if you were present. We all wish for your Return as soon as your Affairs will permit; and it is with Pleasure that I take this Opportunity of subscribing myself,

S I R,

*Your most obedient,*

*And faithful Servant,*

SAM. TRUSTY.

## LETTER XXII.

*From a Person in the Country to his Friend in the Metropolis, requesting him to transact some Business in his Behalf.*

Dear Sir,

Lincoln, Sept. 6, 1761.

**A**S your Occupation requires a constant Attendance on the Quay, I beg you would purchase a Pipe of Port Wine, and a Puncheon of Rum, and send them by the readiest Conveyance—The Charges shall be immediately defrayed by

*Your sincere Friend,*

JOHN FAITHFUL.





## PART II.

### On FRIENDSHIP.

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#### LETTER I.

##### *On Friendship in general.*

Dear Sir,

N O Motive can be more cogent than that of Friendship, which regardless of Self-Interest ever prompts to good Offices, from the meer Pleasure of doing them. You speak of my Affairs, and act in them with such an Air of Interest and Satisfaction, that I can hardly avoid thinking that I oblige you with employing you in them. 'Tis no small Advantage to me, to have found such a Friend at the last Scene of my Life; when I am good for nothing, and am grown so useless, that I cannot but be sure, that, in every good Office you do me, you can propose to yourself no other Advantage, but the Pleasure of doing it. Every one here finds himself obliged by your late good Company. As for myself, if you had not convinced me by a sensible Experiment, I could not have believed I could have had so many happy Days together. I shall always pray that yours may be multiplied. Could I in the least contribute any thing thereto, I should think myself happy in this poor decaying State of my Health; which, though it affords me little in this World to enjoy, yet I find the Charms of your Company make me not feel the Want of Strength, or Breath, or any thing else.

The Bishop of *Gloucester* came hither the Day you went from hence, and in no very good State of Health. I find two groaning People make but an uncomfortable Concert. He returned Yesterday, and went away in a somewhat better State. I hope he got well to Town.

Enjoy

Enjoy your Health and Youth, whilst you have it, to all the Advantages and Improvements of an innocent and pleasant Life ; remembering that merciless old Age is in Pursuit of you, and when it overtakes you, will not fail, some Way or other, to impair the Enjoyments both of Body and Mind. You know how apt I am to preach. I believe it is one of the Diseases of old Age. But my Friends will forgive me, when I have nothing to persuade them to, but that they should endeavour to be as happy as it is possible for them to be : And to you I have no more to say, but that you go on in the Course you are in. I reflect often upon it with a secret Joy, that you promised I should in a short Time see you again. You are very good, and I dare not press you : But I cannot but remember how well I passed my Time when you were here,

*I am, &c.*

## LETTER II.

*To a Father, on his Neglect of the Education of his Children.*

*Dear Friend,*

THE Esteem I have long maintained for your Person and Family, constrains me to remind you of the Remissness you have long discovered in the Education of your Children.

There is a proper Time for every Thing ; and if Children are not early initiated in their Duty, and those Parts of Learning which are proper to their particular Years, they must necessarily be discouraged, and set behind every one of their School-fellows, though much younger than themselves ; and you know not, Sir, what a laudable Emulation you by this Means destroy, than which nothing is of greater Force to Children, to induce them to attend to their Books ; nor what a Disgrace you involve them in, with respect to Children among Children, for the Biggest and Eldest to be so much outdone by the Least and Youngest.

Nor

Nor is the Consequence of this Defect confined to the School-age, as I may call it; for, as they grow up, they will be looked upon in an equally discouraging and disadvantageous Light, by all who converse with them: Which must of course throw them into the Company of the Dregs of Mankind; for how will they be able to converse or correspond with those whose Acquaintance it is most worth their while to cultivate? And, indeed, they will probably be so conscious of their Unfitness to bear a Part in worthy Conversation, that to keep themselves in Countenance, they will, of their own Accord, shun the better Company, and associate with the worst: And what may be the Consequence of this, a wise Man, and a good Father, would tremble to think of, especially when he has to reflect upon himself as the Cause of it, let it be what it will.

Then, Sir, it is to be considered, that without a tolerable Education they can be only fit for mean and sordid Employments. Hear what the Wise Man says to this very Purpose: "How can he get Wisdom that  
" holdeth the Plough, and that glorieth in the Goad,  
" that driveth Oxen, and is occupied in their Labours,  
" and whose Talk is of Bullocks? He giveth his Mind  
" to make Furrows, and is diligent to give the Kine  
" Fodder. So every Carpenter and Workmaster, that  
" laboureth Night and Day.—The Smith also sitting  
" by the Anvil, and considering the Iron-work, the  
" Vapour of the Fire wasteth his Flesh.—The Noise of  
" the Hammer and the Anvil is ever in his Ears.—So  
" doth the Potter sitting at his Work, and turning the  
" Wheel about with his Feet.—He fashioneth the Clay  
" with his Arm, and boweth down his Strength before  
" his Feet." These, as he observes, are useful in their Way; but, their Minds being wholly engrossed by their Labours, "they shall not be sought for in public Council, nor sit high in the Congregation.—  
" They cannot declare Justice and Judgment, and they  
" shall not be found where Parables are spoken." That is, they shall be confined to the Drudgery of their own servile Station, and will be intitled neither to Honour nor Respect, as they might have been, had they had an Education to qualify them for more respectable Businesses.

finesses. And you will consider it, Sir, in a closer Light, as to us who live in the present Age, and in this great City, that there is hardly a creditable or profitable Employment in *London*, where a tolerable Knowledge of Accompts, and Penmanship, in particular, is not required. Consider also, what Opportunities they may lose by this Neglect of their Education, in case they should fail, in the Business they are put to, of getting a comfortable and genteel Support in some Merchant's Compting House, or in some one of the several Offices about this great Metropolis; as Book-keepers, Clerks, Accomptants, &c.

And with regard more immediately to yourself, how can you expect, when they know you could do better for them, but that their Behaviour to you will be of a Piece with the rest? For if they are not polished by Learning, but are left to a Kind of Instinct rather, is it to be expected that they should behave to you, and their Mother, with that Sense of their Obligations which Learning inculcates? Nor, indeed, will they have those Obligations to you, which other Children have to their Parents, who take Care to give them Opportunities of Improvement, which are denied to yours. Consider, dear Sir, what a contemptible Character, even among the sordid Vulgar, that of an illiterate Fellow is; and what Respect, on the contrary, a Man of Letters is treated with, by his Equals, as well as Inferiors: And when you lay all these plain Reasons and Observations together, I make no Doubt but you will endeavour to retrieve lost Time, and be advised in this material Point (which I can have no Interest in) by

*Your sincere Friend and Servant.*

### LETTER III.

*To a Friend, describing the Happiness of a rural Life.*

S I R,

**B**EFORE my Departure from *London*, I contracted the fondest Attachment to that Scene of Noise and Variety; but since I sat down in this sweet Retirement, the



the Overflowings of my Heart in Thankfulness and Praise to my Creator have never ceased; my Tongue has had no other Theme but his Wonders; nor have I rested for the Wish of leading others to share the Pleasures with me.

Here, Sir, freed from every Embarrassment of Form, and every Concern of Business, I rise healthful, sit down at Ease, and trace the Strokes of Nature's Pencil, till the Sense aches to comprehend them. The teizing Calls of Clients, the insufferable Folly of unmeaning Visitants are over; and, I hope, will never return. I am waked by the fierce Rays breaking in at the eastern Window to see the rising Sun, the noblest Object in the World: And after the gentle Pleasures of the Day, retire at Eight to my turfey Seat, recline against the leaning Oak that points full West, and fix my Eyes upon the parting Luminary, now a few Minutes high, view his even Progress to the Horizon, and see him cut the Verge of that great Circle; then follow him descending till less and less remains, and say, with an involuntary Sigh, farewell, when the last Spot of Fire is sunk beneath the Plain.

Then glows the Scene which Painters have copied faintly. The purple Cloud, the golden Edge, the flaming Lustre, in the just Point where the great Globe of Fire descended, and thence the Change that, through innumerable Tincts, colours the whole Extent of that vast Quarter; the different Shades from the Resemblance of a Town on fire, to the light amber Hue that loses its faint Glare upon the distant Mountain.

The Seasons, as they change, will bring Variety enough, and every Period will be crowded with its peculiar Pleasure: But, of all others, this, the Youth of the just ripening Year, carries Delight in every Object, and in every Instance. To trace the first Buds of the leafy Spring, to see the Hawthorn swell with its vernal Treasures; the rough Elm next burst into Floods of Verdure, the yellow Oak then thrust out its vast Bud; and, last, the slow Ash push its winged Leaves to fill the Scene of Beauty!—These are the Objects every Hedge affords, and every Field its humbler Elegancies. To mark the Opening of the lively Daisy, to see the yellow

low Crowfoot spread its gilded Coat over whole Acres of the higher Grounds, or trace the blushing Lady-smock that fill its thick Tufts, the lower! To follow in the Hedge the wild Herbs as they spring, and mark their wonderful and various Forms; the Hyacinth, bending its naked Stalk with Fragrance; the Arum shrouded in his leafy Tabernacle, and the young Fruit in every opening Flower! How various in their several Forms, and how amazing in the Whole!

Full of these Wonders and these Charms, this lusty Health and springing Vigor in mild Natures, how sweet the Change to look into the Quarters made by Art, there to indulge that

---

*Retired Leisure,  
That in trim Gardens takes its Pleasure!*

And as one treads the smooth Pavement of the Gravel, or velvet Carpet of the Grass-walk, to watch the Produce of luxuriant Culture, Day brings after Day new Transports; Flower opens after Flower; and every Morning discloses some new Beauty, dearer to the Possessor, because his own Toil helped its Colours.

How ravishing to tread the smooth Alley, separating one painted Border from another! To trace the Progress of the full Anemonies, or watch the Colours of the painted Tulip! To follow in the former Kinds, the Violet, the Crimson and the Purple, whose Colours singly recommend them to the Admiration; and, when the Eye has been feasted whole Days with these, to see the Peacock spread his double Leaves, varying his Ruby with the Emerald, to admire the blushing Lustre of the Rose, or trace the Changes of the ever-new Camellion! with what amazing Satisfaction!

Thence to another Quarter glowing with the vivid Tulips, to view with a distinguishing and raptured Eye, the mixed Tincts separated by the strongest Lines, no one intrenching on the other's Boundaries; to read them opening, and to see them fade, preserving still the same clear Character! To count the Colours in the varied Marquetrine; to view the Clouds that paint the wanton Jasper, elegant without Regularity,  
and

and glorious in Confusion ; to mark the Stains of the Morillon, or see the Sapphire of the Sky mimicked in the round Bottom of the painted *Persian* ! The Delight is not, nor can be known, but to the few, whose innocent Leisure has employed some Hours in the sweet Study.

My Paintings are from Nature ; from what I see before me as I write to you. My own Field, and my Hedges, give the Originals of my heart-felt Descriptions ; and my little Garden, Thanks to the friendly Hands that have supplied, furnishes the Beauties I have celebrated : My Heart joins the great Chorus with Sincerity, relating only what it feels.

Thus pass the Hours of one who wishes every Man to rival him in Satisfaction. Believe me, there is something in these soft Delights that surpasseth all the Sensualists calls Pleasure. Quiet and Health accompany every Step ; and the Path is open to every Virtue. Happy shall I account myself even in this Labour of Writing, which, indeed, has taken from me some Hours of these Amusements, if, among all who read, I may but make one Convert : I shall, I am assured, have then done Good to him and to the World. This is the Life of Innocence, and that the sole Path to every Act in Virtue.

*I am, &c.*

#### LETTER IV.

*An Expostulation from a Friend to a young Person on his irreverent Behaviour to a Father.*

*Dear Sir,*

**T**HE Friendship I bear you, I hope, will atone for the Liberty I have thus taken to expostulate with you on the slight Behaviour, which you shew in too many Instances to a worthy Parent.

His former Indulgence to you certainly claims better Returns on your Part, although it should be allowed, as you fondly imagine, that his Affection to you is alienated. There may be something of Petulance

lancy in him, which you ought to bear with ; for, one Time or other, you may be convinced by Experience, that Age itself has its insuperable Afflictions, that require the Allowance of every one, and more particularly of such who hope to live along Life themselves, and still more particularly of a Son, whose high Passions require, perhaps, at least as much Allowance. He may be petulant ; but are you not fiery and impetuous ? And I would fain know, whether you ought to bear with him, or he with you ?

It is a very groundless Surmise to think his Affections are alienated from you. A Father must love his Son ; he cannot help it : And is it creditable, even to yourself, on cool Reflection, that the same good Man, who was wont to be delighted with your childish Vanities and Foibles, (for we have all had them, more or less) and even indulged, and perhaps cherished, those youthful Forwardnesses, that might be called the Seeds of those Passions, which now, being sprung up, give him so much Disturbance, and make you so impatient of Contradiction : Can you, I say, believe that this same good Man, without Reason, without Provocation, can change that Love into Hate ?

You are grown to Man's Estate, and though far from the ungracious Sons that we have seen in the World, yet you ought not to be so partial to yourself, as to believe you are wholly faultless. Examine your own Conduct then, and, although you should not be able to charge your Intention with any Blame, yet you must leave your Behaviour to be judged by others ; and it will, perhaps, be given against you, that some Slight, some Negligence, some Inattention, if not worse, too cutting for a Father's Cares and Fondness to support, has escaped you. Consider, Sir, what a grievous Thing it must be to him to reflect, that this Behaviour of yours may be but the gradual Consequence of his former Indulgence to you ; and that he is deservedly punished, for not rooting up, in your childish Days, those Weeds which now spread to his Uneasiness. But let me tell you, Sir, that it ought to be a more sad Reflection to a considerate young Gentle-



Gentleman, than he is to be the Instrument to punish his fond Father's faulty Indulgence to himself.

I have been a diligent Observer of the Dispensations of Providence in this Respect ; and have always seen the Sin of Undutifulness to Parents punished in Kind, more than any one Sin. I have seen the Son of the undutiful Son, revenging the Cause of his Grandfather ; and, at the same Time, entailing a Curse upon his Son, if he has not been taken off childless, who, in his Turn, has retorted the ungracious Behaviour ; and thus a Curse has been entailed by Descent upon the Family, from one Generation to another.

You will say, that your Behaviour to your Father is not, you hope, of such an atrocious Nature, as to be attended with such terrible Consequences ; and, perhaps, will add, that you do not wish for a better Behaviour from your Son, than you shew to your Father. But, if this be not Partiality to yourself, pray consider, that while your Father takes your present Conduct in so ill Part, and you use so little Circumspection to avoid giving him Disgust, and have so little Complaisance, as not to set him right ; the Thing is full as tormenting to him from the Appearance, as if it were real ; nay, it is real to him, if he believes so.

He thinks, and let me tell you, Sir, he thinks justly, that he ought to expect as much Deference to his Will and Pleasure now, as he has heretofore shewn you Indulgence, even in those Things that now perhaps you are so unkind to suffer to turn severest upon him. I would not recriminate : But it was with very little Reverence, and indeed, with an Air as censurable as the Words, that you told him, in my Hearing, that he knew not what he would have : That he expected you to be more accountable at this Age, than when you were a Child, &c. Why, dear Sir, does your being of Age lessen the Duty you owe to your Father ? Are not his Cares for you allowably doubled ? And ought he not now to expect from your good Sense, and more mature Understanding, (improved, as it is to be hoped, by the Education he has, at a great Expence, given you) greater Proofs of Duty rather than less ? He may forget, perhaps, what he was at your Age, as  
you

you irreverently told him ; but how much more laudable would it be, for you, at yours, to enter into what you should naturally expect from your Son, were you in the Place, and at the Age of your Father ! A generous Mind will do its Duty, though it were not to meet with suitable Rewards or Returns ; for even should your Father not do his by you, you are not absolved of yours to him ; much less then ought the natural, the consequential Infirmities of Age, to dissolve the Duty of a Son to an indulgent Parent.

Be convinced, my dear Sir, of your wrong Conduct, and do not think it beneath the high Spirit of a brave young Gentleman, to submit to the Will of his Father. By your Dutifulness and Circumspection you may, in all Probability, add to the Number, as well as the Comfort of his Days, to whom you owe your Being. But what a Woe does that young Man bring upon himself, who robs his aged Parent in both Respects ! It behoves all Children to reflect upon this timely, and with Awe.

On how many Occasions has he heretofore rejoiced to me, on even the smallest Openings and Dawnings of your Mind and Genius ! How has he dwelt upon your Praises on even supposed Beauties, which have appeared such to his fond and partial Tendernefs only ! How has he extenuated your Failings, connived at your Faults, and extolled, and brought forward into strong Light, even the remotest Appearance of Virtue in you ! Such were always, and such, notwithstanding the Intermixtures of Age and Infirmary, and even of your continued Sights and Impatience, always will be, the Instances of his paternal Affection for you. And I will venture to say, that even this Petulance, as you think it, is a Demonstration of his Regard for you, however disagreeable it may be to you, since he loves you too well to be insensible to those Parts of your Behaviour, which he thinks are owing to Slight or Negligence.

I have exceeded the Bounds I intended when I began, and would rather leave to your natural good Sense, and cooler Reflection, what I have already urged, than tire you too much, with what might still farther  
be

be added on this Occasion. But the Affection and Friendship I have for all your Family, the long Intimacy I have had with your good Father, (who, however, knows nothing of my writing) and the evil Consequences that may follow a wider Breach between you, will answer for my Intention, and, I hope, for my Freedom, which I will take upon me to say, I expect from your Candor and Education, being

*Your sincere Friend to serve you,*

T. B.

## LETTER V.

*To a young Gentleman to incline him to his Studies.*

S I R,

**A**S the intrinsic Merit of rational Beings, can alone be estimated by their Progress in Virtue and Knowledge, you cannot do better, than to apply yourself seriously to the Cultivation of your Mind; to which Purpose nothing will contribute more, than your prescribing yourself a regular Method of Study. The Morning is undoubtedly more proper for reading than any other Part of the Day; because the Mind is then free, disengaged, and unclouded by those Vapours which we generally find after a full Meal. Nevertheless, I would not affect to read over a Multitude of Volumes, nor read with Greediness; I would rather chuse to read a little, and digest it. Neither would I regard the Number, so much as the Choice of my Books, &c.

## LETTER VI.

*Containing the most glaring Instance of a noble and exalted Sense of Friendship, as addressed by Mr. Pope to Dr. Atterbury, a short Time before his Banishment.*

**O**NCE more I write to you as I promised, and this once I fear will be the last! The Curtain will soon be drawn between my Friend and me, and nothing left

C

but

but to wish you a long Good-Night, may you enjoy a State of Repose in this Life, not unlike that Sleep of the Soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that World from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any Memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a Dream of an absent Friend, or bring you back an agreeable Conversation. But upon the Whole, I hope you will think less of the Time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be, do not envy the World your Studies; they will tend to the Benefit of Men, against whom you can have no Complaint, I mean of all Posterity: And perhaps at your Time of Life, nothing else is worth your Care. What is every Year of a wise Man's Life but a Censure or Critick on the past? Those whose Date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one Half of it: The Boy despises the Infant, the Man the Boy, the Philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your Manhood was too much a Puerility; and you will never suffer your Age to be but a second Infancy. The Toys and Baubles of your Childhood are hardly now more below you, than those Toys of our riper and our declining Years, the Drums and Rattles of Ambition, and the Dirt and Bubbles of Avarice. At this Time, when you are cut off from a little Society, and made a Citizen of the World at large, you should bend your Talents not to serve a Party, or a few, but all Mankind. Your Genius should mount above that Mist, in which its Participation and Neighbourhood with Earth hath long involved it: To shine Abroad and to Heaven, ought to be the Business and the Glory of your present Situation. Remember it was at such a Time that the greatest Lights of Antiquity dazzled and blazed the most; in their Retreat, in their Exile, or in their Death: But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? It was then that they did good, that they gave Light, and that they became Guiders to Mankind.

Those



Those Aims alone are worthy of Spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest Minds: But Revenge will never harbour there: Higher Principles than those of the first, and better Principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence Men, whose Thoughts and whose Hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any Part of Mankind, especially to so small a Part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a Spirit entered into another Life, as one just upon the Edge of Immortality, where the Passions and Affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little Views, and all mean Retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back: and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the World look after you: But take Care, that it be not with Pity, but with Esteem and Admiration.

I am, with the greatest Sincerity, and Passion for your Fame as well as Happiness,

*Yours, &c.*

## LETTER VII.

*From a Nobleman in Town, to his Friend a Clergyman in the Country.*

S I R,

*Pall-mall, Jan. 5, 1765.*

I AM afraid that the Indolence and Negligence of us Londoners, frequently prevented your seeing the Papers regularly, with respect to Time and Place: I generally come Home too late for the Evening Papers to go, till the Post following, and then if you have 'em not, it is my Porter's Fault, who, as he is a diligent Fellow in other Things, I hope is more especially so in this. Indeed the Curate of *Hornsey* tore one Evening Post, before I myself had read it, and instead of applying it to the proper Place and Use, very seriously eat the greatest Part of it, as he sat over the Fire, ru-

minating on his Sermon, or more likely thinking of the quondam Happiness he had enjoyed in your Parish. This Reverend Brother Curate of yours, has found out an excellent Method to indulge his Passions, and yet keep up to the Decency, that is necessary to be observed by so great a Divine : He has invented a Parcel of half Words that supply the Place of Oaths : When a Layman would be thundering out eternal Curses on the Man that provokes him, the more gentle Curate expresses his Anger, by au, au, au, or else dud, dud, dud, which his malicious Enemies say, sounds like God ; as some wicked Wretches likewise affirm, that Muns (a Word he often uses) is Z——ns, and so of a great many others. He is a most incomparable Man ; it is impossible to tell you Half the Adventures he has met with lately, but one Day or other I hope you'll have 'em all from his own Mouth.

*Nobby's* Picture is drawn ; with him in the same Piece is my favourite Dog *Hector*, and my Groom, one *Thomas Francis*, of *Marston* Parish, Son to *Goody Francis*, of *Rodcraft*. The Picture is a very fine one, and indeed cost a great deal of Money ; all the Figures are very like. It is designed for *Marston-Hall* over the Marble Table.

When I go to *Britwell* to stay for a Fortnight, which I propose doing just before I go into *Somersetshire*, I must remind you of the Promise you made me to come and see me there : It will be the more convenient, as I shall go with you back again Home : Perhaps I may prevail on the Curate of *Hornsey* to meet you there ; though, I must tell you, he is a little jealous of you. He has heard me speak some Things to your Advantage, and suspects you have taken a little too deep Root in my Heart ; and the Curate, like the Turk, can bear no Equal in his Throne.

We hope this will find Mrs. *Coker* in good Health. My little Family have been much out of Order, but are now quite recovered. I am going to fix them at *Britwell*, till I return from my Voyage to *Ireland*, where, by the great Faith, I hope to remove the mountainous Curate into the See of *Dublin*.

News here is as seldom to be heard, as fine Music is with you. The whole World is in a State of Peace, except *Fig* the Prize-Fighter, and Dr. *Bently* the Critic. But to shew you what a dull Fellow I am, I was one of five and twenty Fools, who could not be convinced by seventy-four wise Men, that Patriotism, and the Good of one's Country, like Virtue, is an Error that no Body ought to persist in after they are at Years of Discretion. But I am likely to suffer for my Folly, for the next Red Ribbon that falls is to be given to Lord *W—*, of *B—*, for having told the whole House of Lords, that he would be glad of a Pension, or whatever the Court would give him, when and how they pleased.

I think the Time long till I come to my beloved Home, which is made more agreeable to me by your being there. But Fate, that never gives but by Halves, hurries me away almost as soon as I get there; yet, I hope, 'tis in order to make my Living there hereafter more durable and fixed.

*I am, S I R,*

*Very truly your humble Servant.*

## LETTER VIII.

*From a Gentleman to his Friend, who had lent him  
Lord Bacon's Works.*

S I R,

*January 16.*

**I** MUST confess I have been a little disingenuous in keeping the noble Lord *Verulam* in so close and long a Restraint; but it was the Excellency of his Company that invited the Incivility which your Good-nature must pardon: Indeed the Court, or St. *James's*, would be a more suitable Air for so great a Personage as appears by his Letters, which all along have the politic Address of a rising Courtier. His Speeches in Parliament shew him to be a good Subject; his Advice to the Earl of *Essex*, and the gallant Management of himself in all the Fortunes of that Nobleman, shew an honest and generous Friend above the little Arts of

Court Interest and Dissimulation. His Treatise of the Winds is a delicate Disquisition of Nature, and entitles him to an acute and clear Head; but the Account he gives of the Creed, and of the Controversies at that Time on Foot in the Church, and other Things of Religion, shew that he was not only a Statesman, a Courtier, a Philosopher, but an excellent Christian and Divine too. But to what Purpose do I repeat those Things which yourself can give a better Account of? Only to intimate that I do not borrow Books merely for the Use of my Shelves, and the Ornament of a little Room; and to satisfy you that I have read him, read him with Delight, and look on it to be a most ingenious Miscellany, and pleasant Entertainment for the spare Hours of a busy Courtier, such as yourself, dear Sir, to whom I wish his Fortunes without his Clouds; and with that Wish I put an End to the Impertinence of

*Your very Friend and Servant.*

## LETTER IX.

*Miss Seymour to Miss Drury.*

*Bartlett-Grove, Sunday Evening.*

**I** AM a thousand Years in writing to my dear Miss Drury, but my extreme Inconsequence, and the little I can say worthy her Perusal, is an unanswerable Apology. News, the Life of Correspondence, has no Existence here. We have not even the common poultry Scandal of a Market-Town to entertain us, but a perpetual unalterable Sameness takes Place of dear Variety.—Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, my Dear, think it Variety to see half a dozen Cows loitering about a green Field; and if, by Chance, a few Sheep, or an equal Number of grunting Piggs embellish the Prospect, it is charming! Variety, *Charlotte* is another Word for Happiness, even in such a low Species of it as this. I had not been here two Days, before these mistaken good People talked of the infinite Variety of the Place with Rapture. And how, my Dear, do  
you



you think we come at the Sight of it? Why, up Mr. *Bartlett* drove us five Fair of Stairs breathless, and out upon a scorching Balcony; and there we were to strain our Eyes till they were ready to come out of our Heads, to see a few Spires of old Churches, and now and then the Glimpse of an undistinguishable Gentleman's House or two; Mr. *Bartlett* for ever hauling up one's Hand to be looked through for the Advantage of the Perspective (he says).

So down we came again, wiser undoubtedly than we went up, like a World of People that never think they have seen *London* fine Town till their dizzy wife Heads have turned round upon the Tip-Top of the Monument.—If you'll believe me, my dear *Charlotte*, I am fatigued to Death and worried to Distraction with seeing Nobody, and having nothing to do. Existence (you know) is insupportable in such a total Obscurity. There is not a human Creature to be seen, Male, or Female, but the Servants of the Family, except the Letter-Woman with the No-News, (and the No-Letters, I may say, from dear *Drury*) and now and then a Man with a Cag of *Newcastle* Salmon, and a Basket of Lemons; and yet Mrs. *Bartlett*, poor Dear, (moping as this is) will sit, and smile, and read you such a Lecture (like the Curate of the Parish, by the Hour) about the Country Air, and the Country Health and Exercise, and the Country Amusements; and says, how rational a Thing a Country Life is, and what an Enlargement it gives to the Faculties of the Mind; and, in short, such a *Canterbury* Tale of its Advantages, as if she really believed, that Towns and Cities, and all populous Assemblies, were a Sort of Disgrace to the Creation. Dear, says I, Mrs. *Bartlett*, amuse yourself, and welcome, with the pleasing Melancholy of the shady Grove, and the Verdure of the Lawn, and the Murmurs of the Crystal Rill, and the Varieties of the Wilderness and the Garden Scene, from the Rising of the Sun to the Moon-Light, but give me the dear Relish of Society for the Object of my tasteless Intellects! For I declare to you, that I do not find in myself Penetration enough to discover, why good Sense,

and Parts and Genius, and all human Accomplishments, are not quite as improveable at Places of public Resorts, as in a Field, an Orchard, a Park, a Wilderness, a Warren.

Dear *Charlotte*, if you pity my Confinement, and my Solitude, restore to me the Sight of what is dearer than Conversation and Liberty, the Favor of your agreeable Correspondence, with

*Your affectionate*

CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR.

## LETTER X.

*Miss Drury to Miss Seymour.*

*London, Tuesday Night.*

IT gives me Pain to inform my dear Miss *Seymour* that I have no Comfort for her Distresses. Yesterday, Ma'am, Miss *Moxon* and I, and Lady *Susan Lawson*, Mr. *Hartley*, Mr. *Dymer*, Miss *Popple*, and Mrs. *Bedingfield*, made a Party to *Ranelagh*. The Weather was hot and tiresome, and parched was I, God knows, like a roasted Chesnut. Mrs. *Dinsdale* and Mrs. *Bradbury* were under the same Operation of the Dog Star, with a little Difference only to their Complexions; one of them looking like a Rose, and the other the express Image of a Rasher of Bacon. Miss *Benet* had apparelled her Nob in a frightful *Fanny Murray* Cap, and looked five and forty; the Girl's mistaken, if she thinks she may take the same Liberty with her tapestry Set of Features, which the beautiful Dutchess of — may venture to imagine ornamental. — Mrs. *Adcock* was in a pale blue and Silver Night-Gown; she was expected in Bombazeen — and it would have become her — The dear Colonel *Lovelace* departed this transitory Life no longer ago than *Saturday* — There is no such Thing as Grief if Mrs. *Adcock* has a Smile at Heart — But I would not improve the Horrors of your Solitude with such a doleful Ditty of Reflexions as crowd this Moment into my Imagination. — After we had

had failed about five hundred Times round and round that dear Round of Music, Love and Pleasure—away we transmographed ourselves to *Vauxhall*; and there, my Dear, you may tell Mrs. *Bartlett* we had the Felicity to see the Sun rise, red as Scarlet, and round as the Figure of a Wheel; but, I protest to you, dear Mrs. *Bartlett*, that the paler Blaze of Moon-light is to me the more agreeable Object, which People that go to Sleep, *Sukey*, by Sunshine, are altogether Strangers to. About Two o’Clock, Ma’am, the Crowd of Go-to-Beds had taken themselves away. Lady V. *Consonant* was in the next Box to us, and sung like a Nightingale; and Mr. *Beverly* played upon the *German* Flute to that vocal Angel. Every Creature said he played delightfully; but he is my Aversion, and all he does indifferent. If the wooden Fool of a Flute could have given a Tune of its own Accord, I might no doubt, have been in Raptures.—But the Atom is so satisfied with his own Applause, that he desires no Body’s else.—So, my Dear, I think he is even with me for my Contempt.—There was nothing else worth recommending to your Notice, nor any Thing, I believe, of the Wonderful and Uncommon, except that Shrimp Beau *Randal*, with two of his aukward Sisters, and Mrs. *Partingdon* with her Husband. — Do, dear Creature, continue to me the agreeable History of your present Life and Adventures; for I read it with such a Sort of Delight and Admiration, as my good Grandmamma does the Bible.

Adieu, dear Miss *Drury*, and remember

*Your sincere and faithful*

CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR.

## LETTER XI.

*Miss Seymour to Miss Drury:*

*The Description of the dear Ball. A full and true Account of the Birth, Parentage, Execution, Life, Character, and Behaviour of the Dancers.*

**T**HIS whole Day do I dedicate (for my Eyes are scarcely quite open) to the Pleasure it always gives me to write to my dear *Charlotte*. Your two kind Letters deserve all Acknowledgment.—'Tis all over now! and I think a Ball when 'tis over, only serves to torment one—and yet, whip it, there is a satisfaction in reflecting on past Happiness—for what has been, you know, *Charlotte*, may be again.—So, *Drury*, you must know, that Mrs. *Islip*'s Coach (but no Miss *Ramsay*, thank Heaven, in it) called upon Mrs. *Bartlett*, in order to go in Company to *Egerton Green*. Mrs. *Bartlett* was dressed in a white Lutestring Gown and Petticoat, and looked charmingly—and *Suke* Seymour had on her Yellow and Silver, (never was but once at *Leicester House*) and my Silver Tissue-Shoes, and Diamond Buckles. Mamma, indeed, lent me all her Jewels the Birth-Night, and has never since offered to take them again: A dear Creature! But she hoped, she said, I would not be disobliged if she borrowed them of me one Day or other for herself. So, I suppose, she has not altogether reduced Mr. *Ashburnham* to Despair, though she tells me again and again, and Time after Time, that she'll never part with her Liberty any more.—Liberty, my Dear *Drury*, only think of that; for what is Liberty you know, but the Indulgence of one's Choice. My good Mother, I believe, is more afraid of my Liberty, than her own. But that, you and I will take an Opportunity to talk of.

Violent was the Crowd of Coaches at *Egerton*; it was all another *Ranelagh*. The Bride was in a white Lutestring Sack, pinked and full trimmed, and had four very neat Diamond Buckles to her Jumps, white Silk Mittens,



Mittens, and Sattin Shoes, braided with Silver Cord ; but she neither became the Dress, nor the Dress her : She was the Image of a genteel Doll, and had about the same Degree of Motion ; seeming (to use Mamma's Expression) to have lost her Liberty. The Bridegroom had on a frightful Purple, laced with Gold, the express Figure of the Pulpit Cloth which my Mamma gave Dr. *Bargrove*, and opened the Ball with Lady *Susan Lawson*, who is actually a fine Woman, and if she had less Affectation, would be more admired for her Beauty. Her Ladyship declining a second Dance, Mr. *Lawson* twirled the Bride into a Minuet, who moved as if absolutely she had no Joints, and, in Imitation of Lady *Susan*, calling no other Partner. Mr. *Lawson* singled out red *Lucy Benson*, with a dark Pair of new Eye-brews, but nothing else remarkable. Her second awkward Partner was a Foreigner, and was as foreign from the Dance as to the Nation, hopping about like a Water-wag-tail ; I forget his Name, but it is something like the *Sier Hugglebach*, or *Gubblebatch*, and of an uncouth harsh Business, as rough as a Nutmeg-grater. Mr. *Gubblebatch* shewed he had some Taste by taking out Mrs. *Bartlett*. The dear Creature began once more to look like herself, danced so easy, so true to the Music, so politely graceful and serene, whilst too Parts in three of the Company were ready to burst with laughing at her inimitable Contrast, the Gentleman with the hard Name. Sweet *Nancy Bartlett* (resolving not to make her Husband jealous of her Choice) picked out a frightful Figure, Mr. *Selkirk*, in Saxon Blue ; the Man, *Charlotte*, was really tipsy, though indeed every Body said, he was never otherwise, and that was his Excuse. Out the insensible Creature singled, who but *Jenny Rowland's* nipped short Waist like a Honey-Pot, or Half-penny Milk-Maid. If the Gentleman had been really sober, he might have seen other Objects, without Spectacles, a little her Superiors. I cannot but say, I could have told him a little Tale of Pedigree, that might have contributed to his Discernment of who and what. Who do you think the Object chose next to give her lily

Hand to ! Mr. *Appleby* of all People upon Earth. Hoop Owl, hoop, hoop, to thy Brother, thought I ; for nothing was ever better matched since Dancing was created : But Hob fitted me for my Contempt, by seizing upon me, of all the Birds in the Air, and all the Fishes in the Sea, to be his lawful Prey. But I was secretly not displeased at it—for I was sensible, that I should appear to no Disadvantage after his former Maux, and was under some very disagreeable Apprehensions, that Miss *Edley's* Tapestry Garment would have swept the Ground before me.—Indeed, *Charlotte*, I entirely forgive him his Choice, for I had now an Opportunity of commanding the Hand of the invincible proud *Ardelio*. Mr. *Bartlett* had determined not to dance a Minuet, and begged me not to think of him. —Indeed I shall, says I, Mr. *Bartlett*—but Faith I never intended it ; for I hate, of all Things, *Charlotte*, to dance with a married Man : Go with 'em to a Play, or an Opera, or let 'em wait on me to *Vauxhall*, or *Ranelagh*, or so, but never chuse 'um for a Partner. One has no Hopes of a married Man, my Dear, unless 'tis of getting rid of him. —*Sally Leeson* and Miss *Finch* eyed me most deliciously ; for I love dearly to see Folks bursting with Envy.—They were in Hopes of sharing the handsome Fop.—But he is the most incomparable Dancer, and yet, *Charlotte*, he knows it so perfectly well,—but how can any Body be so accomplished without perceiving it themselves ? —and yet I hate him too irreconcilably, because he danced Country Dances with *Sally Leeson*. Her Charms though, *Charlotte*, what Mortal could resist, elegantly attired as she was, in a large Pattern, embroidered Gown and Petticoat, the emblem of a worked Bed, and a frightful Pair of Shoes of the same, which, without Prejudice or Partiality, was unfashionable and bunting.

But the Bell rings, dear *Charlotte*, and I must run down to Dinner.—You and I write like *Clarissa Harlowe* and Miss *Howe*, only not totally in the same Strain—but in this, I believe, we all four agree, that

next

next to the Conversation of a Friend is her Correspondence.

*Sunday Evening.*

Though it should tire my dear Miss *Drury* (as I am but too conscious that it must) to read any farther Description of the merry Dancers *a-la-mode de Francoise*, yet I cannot for the Life of me forbear. But first of all, Ma'am, I must acquaint you, that Miss *Finch*, because she could not have *Ardelio*, mortified herself so charmingly as not to dance a Minuet, (and you know her Pride is a Minuet) which gave me no small Pleasure to be sure. She all the while affecting not to look disappointed, sat smiling from Ear to Ear, with much the same Sensation at the Heart as Children have, who are forbid to receive Sweetmeats out of good Manners.——Omit not, dear *Charlotte*, to be told, that Mrs. *Langford*, with her Colt's Tooth at Three-score, puddled herself into a Minuet, and squirmed round and round the Room like Madam *Catharina*: I thought her Clock-work never would have stood still; but it would have been a Cruelty not to have given the Eyes of the Assembly their full Swing of gazing on an Object so calculated to attract them. The next Female Figure was a Stranger, who came with *Sally Lesson*, the principal Original of a Group in Taste-a-la-mode, immoderately short and clumsy, but so bedizened out with a Rainbow of Ribband, that she absolutely looked like a Map of my Grandfather's Estate, distinguishing Woods, and Lawns, and Rivers, and Parks, and Gardens, with a confused Interchange of Yellows, Reds, and Greens, with here a Patch and there a Patch, by Way of Coat of Arms and Dedication. After her was handed about the Room, by Way of Contrast, the squeezey Mrs. *Ellen Risborough*, contracting her Minuteness to a Shadow, with Stays big enough for Mrs. *Bartlett's Nancy*, a Child of five years old, pinching her like a Pair of Nutcrackers. The Lady's well chosen Sweetening of a Partner was *Ned Saunderson's* Uncle, with a little tiny short Wig upon the Confines of a violent broad-brimmed Face, as round, and as fat and frowzy as a *Stilton Cheese*.——

Then

Then Ma'am, according to the Laws of Motion, stood up the incomparably erect Figure of *Sukey Beverly*, determined to shew the good Company, that though she was not altogether as sharp, she was as straight as an Arrow; for which Reason she fancied herself under a Necessity of looking all the while she danced, like a Walking Stick:—Her Powder Monkey was *Dick Cummings*, ogling, winking, and nodding his empty Pate, as if he would insinuate a Belief, that he's perfectly familiar with his Partner; and when he gives you his disagreeable Hand, reaches it out towards you with an awkward Grin, as if you was his Wife. But my Name-sake happening to dance with her Eyes shut, all his odious Smiles and Glimmerings (thank Heaven!) were thrown away upon her. But he succeeded better in a second, who watched him most deliciously. Mr. *Patrick's* humoured Family—Hopes of *Ilchester*, whose real Name is Affectation. I thought, if her sidling and swadling, and foolish unalterable Simper, did not provoke the Country-Dances to begin, nothing could. I waited with blessed Impatience for such a Turn of Affairs; for you know, my Dear, how tiresome Minutes are, when one has no farther Chance for a Share in them.

Don't expect me to describe this Part of the Scene so minutely as the former. 'Tis difficult, *Charlotte*, to paint a Variety of Figures in a Group, and avoid Confusion, though one may venture with some Prospect of Success upon now and then a single Portrait, especially, my Dear, you know, when the Features are pretty coarse, and indelicate, as one may say.—In short, Child, you have already seen the grand Figures in the Show, the others are only Puppets of little or no Consequence farther than to make up the Number, which is an Essential to the Considerable and the Magnifique in such Sorts of Assemblies, I apprehend.—My Punch, (to use a Puppetical Expression) was a good, a bad, and an indifferent Sort of a Partner, well-made and handsome enough, but with a wart upon his Chin about the Diameter of a Pea: Lifeless though, *Charlotte*, and over-punctual, sprawling confusedly about



at right Hand and left, and so afraid he should be out at the Beginning of a Dance, and so exact to do the Figure, and so sure to turn himself and me quite round, that I had really not so much Comfort of him, as I thought my Yellow and Silver entitled me to; and yet, to do him Justice, he was elegantly dressed, and Gentleman-like, but not the Gentleman I like, my dear *Charlotte*.——*Sally Leeson* had got away my *Ardelio*, and when one has not the right Partner, one has not the right any Thing. I was out of all Temper with every Body, but really no-body more than Miss *Finch* and Miss *Rowland*; for Ma'am, they had taken it into their Heads to give hardly any Body the Honor of their Hand at right Hand and left, for fear, I suppose, they should not meet with a Hand of Quality in Return. I believe actually that *Jenny* thinks, because her Sister married a Lord, that she's a Woman of Distinction herself; but thank my Stars, I stood two Couple above her, and I am determined to take Place of her wherever I meet her, unless the People we visit are as ill-bred as Mrs. *Hartfield*, that knows no more about Precedence than an Inn-Keeper's Wife; with her first come, first serve; I detest such Vulgarly Miss *Leeson* too, was not over and above guilty of Politeness: What, because she has an agreeable Partner, is she to give herself an Air when she has bounced down twenty Couple, to leave the rest of the Company till another Dance is called? That she did, *Drury*, perpetually, and her vexatious Example was followed by five or six at once; she that makes such an over-parading Rout about Behaviour: But such Sort of knowing Ladies are sometimes chargeable with downright Ill-manners, acting a little differently from Rules of their own making. Oh! now I think of that, *Charlotte*, be so good as to understand, that Mrs. *Compton*, danced with the Rev. Mr. *Audley*, in a Perriwig as big as Judge *Mansfield's*; that Lady, my Dear, told us one Day at *Seymour-Bury*, that she was ashamed that Parsons could think themselves Company for Gentlemen; so 'tis to be hoped she thinks them at least Company for the Ladies. Lady *Susan Lawson* and Mrs. *Bartlett*

*Bartlett* were incomparably the greatest Beauties there; and Mrs. *Lawson* (who did not dance, for fear, I suppose, of incommoding her Finery) was the most brilliant in Dress and Diamonds, even to a Degree of Profusion, *Charlottee*; but I'll tell you how she had managed it, my Dear. She had crowded in all poor Lady *Louisa's* Jewels, (her Sons late Wife) which are most elegantly set, with her own old-fashioned Breast-Plate, in the Taste of the last Century; but they were full as distinguishable as Powder from Grey Hairs, or Mrs. *Pembroke's* French Plate Tea-Kettle and Lamp from a Silver one. Not to lead you a longer Dance *Charlotte*, (for I think I have pretty well satisfied you) the Ball continued its Brilkness and Vivacity tolerably well till about Eleven, when it began to dwindle from little to less, (like *Jenny Widemansol*, that every Body says grows shorter and shorter) and departed this transitory Life as the Clock struck Twelve. It was succeeded in Estate and Honours by a prodigious cold Collation, which made but a very indifferent Figure, at an immoderate Expence.

*So, Charlottee, have I seen (excuse  
The Pertness of a Female Muse)  
A Birth-Night stately Dame array'd  
In aukward Gold, and proud Brocade:  
Whilst near her plac'd an humbler Fair,  
Of easier, less affected Air,  
Could with superior Lustre shine  
In simple Lutestring, or Tobine.*

Which is all at present (according to the common Phrase of Writing from,

Dear Miss Drury,

Your truly affectionate and sincere

CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR.

LET-

## LETTER XII.

*Miss Drury to Miss Seymour.**Hampstead, Thursday —*

IT is an Age since I heard from dear Miss *Seymour*, and the melancholy Situation we are in, requires all the Assistance of a present Friend, and the Correspondence of an absent one. My poor dear Aunt *Wallingford* hastens daily to her Grave. The Remembrance of the good Life which she has lived, begins now to be a Comfort to her: Such Extremities refuse Consolation from any temporal Advantages. The dear Creature has long retired from Scenes of Vanity and Pleasure. We all read to her by Turns, and say Prayers constantly twice every Day.—I hope, dear *Charlotte*, that you have the Continuance of your Health, the greatest of Blessings, next to that of a contented Mind. How do you like *Tunbridge Wells* this Season? But your Party is so perfectly agreeable, that it is impossible not to like the Place for the Sake of the Company. I hope poor dear Mrs. *Morton* finds Benefit from the Waters. Her Absence from *Evelyn-Hall*, (Miss *Anderson* told Mrs. *Coldham*) is so much the more to be envied. I hear perpetually of Miss *Evelyn's* Praises at the Long-Room, where I go, and at Church every Sunday. Mrs. *Coldham* and Miss *Peters*, are for ever telling me of her Accomplishments, and wish that *Tunbridge Wells* may be as agreeable to her, as the Place, whilst she continues there, must be to every Body else.

I beg, dear *Charlotte*, you will make my Compliments acceptable to these dear Ladies, and believe me with all Sincerity,

Dear Madam,

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

CHARLOTTE DRURY.

LET-

## LETTER XIII.

*Miss Howe to Lady Howe, on the Grandeur of Mrs. Obrien.*

*Tunbridge Wells, August 8.*

ENVY, Madam, has taken the upper Hand of Censure and Compassion. Mrs. Obrien is all that Heart can wish, the Joy and Admiration of the Pantiles. Sunday, Mamma, the Bride and Bridegroom, I told you, returned to the Wells.—Monday Evening appeared at the Rooms in Splendor. Mrs. Obrien, in all the Innocence of a White and Silver full-trim'd French Sack, her Hair so dressed, and powdered, with Jewels to the last Degree of Taste; but being deprived of that beautiful dark Shade, which she, when *Sakey Paget*, took great Delight to preserve the original Complexion of, I verily believe her Mother could not have known her.—Tuesday Mrs. Obrien was at the Concert, full of Rapture, (tho' formerly a Concert was her Aversion) her Opinion was asked of every Song and Tune, till she fancied herself so professed an Admirer of Music, that she sat beating Time with her Fan, like *Handel* at an Oratorio.—Wednesday, Mamma, a Breakfast was given by Mr. Obrien, and the Company treated (O magnifique et galant!) with Morning Salvagers of Champagne.—At Night a Ball was opened by Mrs. Obrien, in the Extremes of Dress and Fancy—and, Yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. Obrien, gave an elegant Entertainment at the Rocks. The Report of their Magnificence exceeds vulgar Imaginations. Accept of it in the Piece, and do not, Mamma, expect me to retail it, like Ells of Muslin, for it would require a Volume to describe minutely the extraordinary Consequence and Figure.—The grand Equipage, a beautiful and exquisitely carved and gilt Chariot of Paper Mashe, lined with a pale blue Sattin, blue and Silver Lace. Attendants in Saxon Blue Cloth, trimmed and faced with white, like Sir *Joseph Wenman's*, with the Addition only of Silver Shoulder Knots, and Point d'Espagne Hats.



Hats. Mrs. *Obrien's* Person, entirely à la *Pompadour*, from the Crown of her Head to the Sole of her Foot. Her Air, Manners, Taste, Conversation, and Deportment, elaborately finished after the same fashionable Model—Nothing in her whole Behaviour, Mamma, of a perfectly English Complexion, but a Forgetfulness of her Friends—and of herself. To me indeed she does vouchsafe the Compliment of general good Manners, especially if she sees me in Company with the Dutchess, or Lady *Mary*; but dear Mrs. *Morton* cannot obtain that Honour from her upon any Consideration whatsoever. *Sukey* was always one of the fashionable World, and could tell when it would be polite to know, and when not to know her most intimate Acquaintance. But a Mrs. *Morton* ought always to be known. One Thing, Mamma, I had like to have forgot to tell you, which may possibly be of Service to you if you should design to write to *Sukey*. Mrs. *Finch*, the Milliner, waited on her with a fine French Gauze Suit, which she had ordered her to bring. But *Sukey* not being at her Lodgings, Mrs. *Finch* directed her Band-box to Mrs. *Obrien*. Mrs. *Obrien* ordered her Woman to bid the Wench take her Packet to those that sent it, for that there was somebody else of a Mrs. *Obrien* at the Place, and perhaps it might belong to her. So, Mamma, if you do write, please to direct to the Honorable Mrs. *Obrien*.—Do not, dear Madam, believe me capable of pursuing poor *Sukey*, with such unkind Remarks in public Scenes of Conversation, even tho' I do extend Resentment so far as to communicate these Intelligences to you. But Mrs. *Morton* tells me I need be in no Pain about the Matter, if all the World was to know it, for she is very sure Mrs. *Obrien* will never look upon that as Obloquy or Reproach, which may contribute to set forth her Magnificence; and if she should, I may satisfy, said she, my Scruples; the severest Censure being much easier to be borne, than the Slight and Ingratitude of a Friend. My Cousin *Morton's* Reasonings have always their due Weight with me, and I (like all the World) am most inclined to think them agreeable, when they flatter my Vanities,

ties, and cover my Imperfections. A little Censure, *en passant*, is in one's own Eye an easy pardonable Fault; but elaborate Detraction (I am afraid) will always be looked upon as an evident Breach of Charity. However, dear Mamma, as I have no Design (after *Sukey's* Death) of making my Letters public, I flatter myself, that I am as candid an Observer of her Life, and a much sincerer Friend to her Memory, than one of her Superiors has lately met with in one of mine.

I am, with Duty and Love to my honoured Pappa, and Sisters,

*Your most dutiful Daughter,*

ELIZABETH HOWE.

## LETTER XIV.

*From Hortensius to his Friend Palemon, giving him an Account of his Happiness in Retirement.*

**I** Write this while *Cleora* is angling by my Side, under the Shade of a spreading Elm that hangs over the Banks of the River. A Nightingale, more harmonious even than *Strada's*, is serenading us from a Hawthorn Bush, which smiles with all the Gaiety of Youth and Beauty; while

- - - - - Gentle Gales,  
Fanning their odorif'rous Wings, dispense  
Native Perfumes, and whispers whence they stole  
Those balmy Spoils. MILTON.

While I am thus enjoying the innocent Luxury of this vernal Delight, I look back upon those Scenes of Turbulence wherein I was once engaged, with more than ordinary Dislike, and despise myself for ever having entertained so mean a Thought as to be rich and great. One of our Monarchs used to say, "That he looked  
" upon those to be the happiest Men in the Nation,  
" whose Fortune had placed them in the Country a-  
" bove a High-Constable, and below the Trouble of

" a

“ a Justice of Peace.” It is in a Mediocrity of this happy Kind that I here pass my Life, with a Fortune far above the Necessity of engaging in the Drudgery of Business, and with Desires much too humble to have any Relish for the splendid Baits of Ambition. You must not, however, imagine that I affect the Stoic, or pretend to have eradicated all my Passions: The Sum of my Philosophy amounts to no more, than to cherish none but such as I may easily and innocently gratify, and to banish all the rest as so many bold Intruders upon my Repose. I endeavour to practise the Maxim of a French Poet, by considering every Thing that is not within my Possession as not worth having: Is it not impossible, *Palemon*, to reconcile you to these unambitious Sentiments, and to lower your Flight to the humble Level of genuine Happiness? Let me, at least, prevail with you to spare a Day or two from the *certamina divitiarum*, (as *Horace*, I think, calls them) from those splendid Contests in which you are engaged, just to take a View of the Sort of Life we lead in the Country. If there is any Thing wanted to complete the Happiness I here find, it is, that you are so seldom a Witness to it. Adieu!

I am, &c.

## LETTER XV.

From a Gentleman in Holland, to his Friend in England.

Dear Sam,

Leyden, October 15.

THE usual Excuse of Gentlemen Abroad for neglecting their Friends at Home, is, that new Sets of different Objects continually entertaining us with Changes of Admiration, the Ideas of our old Acquaintance are by Degrees worn out by the Accession of the new: But this Kind of Forgetfulness were too severe a Charge upon the Merit of my Friends and my own Gratitude, both which I will chuse to maintain;

tain ; and I leave it to your Charity to make me an Excuse for my Silence. The Truth is, I have had a very tedious fit of Sickness, which had almost sent your Friend a longer Journey than he was willing to undertake at present ; but now being pretty well recovered, I can only inform you in general, that every Day surprises me with some agreeable Object or other ; and, I find, very much to my Wonder, that the Accounts I have had of this Country are very different from the Observations that may be made upon the Place. Some general Remarks there are indisputably certain, as that nothing can parallel the *Dutch* Industry, but the Luxury of *England* ; and that the Money laid out in the Taverns in *London*, in purchasing Diseases, would victual the whole United Provinces very plentifully with their wholesome Course of Diet ; that the Standing Army maintained by the *Dutch* for their Security against a foreign Force, are not Half so expensive, as the fifty thousand Lawyers kept up by our civil Factions in *England*, for no other Use but to set us continually by the Ears ; People like the *Jews*, that are tolerated in all Governments for the Interest of the Public, while their main Drift is to enrich themselves, and who, by their Gettings and Cunning, have brought their Riches and Practice into a Proverb. The Lawyers here put the Question only, whether the Thing be lawful ? And upon Application to the Statutes, the Controversy is immediately determined. But our Casuists at *Westminster* dispute not so much upon the Legality of the Cause, as upon the Letter of the Law, and make more Cavils on the Meaning of the Words that should determine Justice, than upon the Equity of the Allegations contended for by the Parties ; and the Bulk of our Laws have loaded Justice so heavily, that 'tis become a Burden to the People, who in regard of their Sufferings of this Kind should borrow an Appellation from Physic, and be called Patients rather than Clients.

Another Thing worth Consideration in respect of the Laws in *Holland*, is this : None but honest Men make Estates by their Practice ; for the siding with the wrong



wrong Party brings the Lawyer into Contempt, and lays him under a severe Reprehension, either of Ignorance in his Business, or Knavery to the People: Hence it comes to pass, that Injustice, not finding a Patron to support its Cause, is forced to remove to a neighbouring Country, where the wrong Side was never known to make its Asserter blush; where the Eloquence of *S—re*, and the Impudence of *S—n*, are plausible Pretences for patronizing Justice, and abusing the Client: But there are Bravos in all Parts of the World, that will take Money for cutting of Throats; whether there be Grounds or not for the Resentment.

So much for the Law, now for the Gospel; *Sam.* I think *Holland* may contend for the Catholic Church with any Part in *Europe*, because it is more universal in its Religion, than any Country in the Universe. 'Tis a pleasant Thing to see Christians, Mahometans, Jews, Protestants, Papists, Armenians, and Greeks, swarming together like a Hive of Bees, without one Sting of Devotion to hurt one another; they all agree about the Business of this Life, because a Community in Trade is the Interest they drive at; and they never jostle in the Way to the Life to come, because every one takes a different Road. One great Cause of this so amicable a Correspondence and Agreement, is, that only the Laity of these Professions compose the Mixture; here are no Ingredients of Priest-Craft to sour the Compositions; Pulpits indeed they have, but not like *Hudibras's* Ecclesiastic Drums, that are continually beating up for Volunteers, to the alarming the whole Nation. Here is no Interest of Sect to be managed under the Cloak of gaining Profelytes to the Truth; nor strengthening of Parties by Pretence of reclaiming of Souls; every Shepherd is content with his own Flock, and *Mufti*, *Levite*, *Pope*, and *Presbyter*, are all Christians in this, that they live in Unity and Concord.

We have a Notion in *England* that the *Dutch* are very great Drunkards; whether this Aspersion rises from some People confounding the *High Dutch* with the *Low*, or that there is a Sottishness in their Mien and Com-

Complexions, I can't determine ; but this I can assure you, that the Report is as false, as should I aver, that the People in *London* are the most chaste and sober Gentlemen in the World. 'Tis true, indeed, they will take off a toping Glass of Brandy, but that is only what is absolutely necessary to moderate the Moisture and Coldness of their Constitution, and used in such Quantity by the meaner Sort only, who lying continually in the Water, must require an Allowance to fortify themselves against the Chilness of their Habitations ; for you must know, that their whole Families, Men, Women and Children, live continually in Boats, and have no more Tenement on dry Land, than a *Thames* Salmon ; but notwithstanding this incumbent Necessity of their taking a Cup of the Creature, I never have seen since I came into this Country but one *Dutchman* drunk ; and although his Impertinence was no more than is naturally incident to any Body in his Condition, yet the whole Boatful of People, to the Number of sixty Persons, shewed the greatest Aversion imaginable to his Circumstances, except two or three jolly *Englishmen*, that made very good Sport with his Humour ; and had not we, with some *French* Gentlemen, protected his Carcass, his Countrymen would have foused him in the Canal very heartily for his Debauch.

As the laborious Life of the inferior Sort requires an exhilarating Glass, so the same Necessity both as to Time and Charges secures them from Excess : And for their Gentry they are indeed sociable in their own Houses ; but were it not for Strangers, all Places of Public Entertainment must consequently fall, which is the greatest Argument imaginable for the Sobriety and Temperance of a People ; whereas 'tis very well known, that if the very Taverns in *London*, with seven or eight handsome Churches, and one or two of our Inns of Court (all which we could well enough spare) were but handsomely seated on the Banks of a River, they would make a Figure with some of the most remarkable Cities in *Europe*. This indeed is a noble Argument of the Riches of *England* ; but whether our Luxury, which sprang from Plenty, or the Temperance of

of *Holland*, the Effect of Necessity, be the happier State, is a Question that I want Leisure now to determine.

Another Account we have current among us, that there are no Beggars in *Holland*; and that they are very careful in employing the Poor. That their Manufactures require a great many Hands is most certain; but ocular Demonstration is too strong a Proof against their Industry; and I'm apt to believe, that the Order of the Mendicants is of a very late Institution, else so visible a Falstiy could never have put this Trick upon Travellers. Whether their late expensive Wars have ruined more People than their Manufactures can employ, or that the Poverty of the *Spaniards* in the neighbouring *Neatherlands*, have by Degrees infected the meaner Sort, I can't be positive; but nothing is more certain, than that a well-disposed Christian may find as many Objects of Charity here as in any Part of *England*, if we may judge of their Wants by the Fervency of their Cries.

I do believe that the Charity of the *Dutch* is no great Encouragement to Beggars; which is the Reason (I conceive) why the Poor flock all to the Highways and Trachskouts, where the Opportunity is good for Application to Strangers.

From these, and some other such like Particulars, I found it a Matter of Speculation, how the Generality of the *English* Nation, being so near Neighbours to this State, should be so very short in their Knowledge of the Manners and Constitution of this People; but this I may presume to proceed upon the following Accounts.

Most of our *English* that visit this Place, are either young Gentlemen that come abroad to travel, or Merchants that make a short Trip upon their own private Concerns.

'Tis the usual Way with the first of those to take *Holland en passant*, either going or coming; and being youthful Sparks, are so fond of the Finery of *Paris*, and Delicacy of *Rome*, that they han't Leisure, forsooth, to dwell upon the Solidity of this Place.

D

France

*France* and *Italy* are their Provinces, and *Holland* their Inn upon the Road; they lie for a Night, and away the next Morning.

They can tell you perhaps, that the *Dutch* Manner of travelling is very commodious; that the *Hague* is a pretty Village, *Amsterdam* a fine City, and that the People are a Parcel of heavy, dull, unconvertible Creatures, and so they leave them. Nothing can relish more of Old *England* than this peremptory Declaration. I would willingly understand how Gentlemen can make a true Estimate of the Wit and Ingenuity of a People, when they don't stay to make one Acquaintance in the Country, nor can speak one Syllable of their Language.

Most of our young Nobility and Gentry travel under the Tuition of *French* Governors, who, however honest in their Intentions of serving their Pupils, are nevertheless full of their *Moy Meme*; and from the Prejudice of Birth and Education, like all other People, are most inclinable to the Manners, Language, Dress and Behaviour of their own Nation; and though perfectly skilled, perhaps in the Accomplishments that compose what we call a fine Gentleman, yet 'tis probable, they may fall short in those Qualifications that are absolutely necessary to an *Englishman* in respect of the Interest of his Country, and of these I take the *Dutch* Language to be none of the most trivial. For at the present Juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the Interest of *Europe*, that we should be well with these People, it were not unnecessary that our Amity should be linked with private Friendships and Correspondence, as well as by public Leagues and Alliances. An Instance of which is very visible to our Prejudice in the Habitudes and Familiarity contracted by our young Gentlemen at *Paris*, which, without all Dispute, is one great Reason for the Influence retained by that Court, not only over our Fashions and Behaviour, but which extends also to Matters of more weighty Consequence, including even our Councils, Laws and Government.

The second Sort of People that make a Turn into this Country, are our Merchants, whose Speculations are limited by a few Particulars; their Affairs not extending



tending to the Policies of State, nor the Humours of the People, they are satisfied to mind their Business only, and to understand the Encouragement of Trade, the Prices and Customs upon Goods, the Value of Stock, and the Rates of Exchange. Their Conversation lies chiefly between the Store-house and the Broad-side, and that in one or two Cities at most, where their Correspondents reside: So that all the Account we can expect from these Persons, must only relate to their Trade in general, or to some particular Branch of it, which is universally understood already through the Intercourse of our Dealing, and neither so improving to our Polity, nor satisfactory to the Curious. But even among their Encouragement of Trade, so universally known and admired, as the advantageous Situation of their Country, their natural Propensity to Navigation, the Lowness of their Imposts, &c. yet by an odd Accident I came to understand one Policy in their trading Constitution, which I have never hitherto met within any verbal or written Account whatsoever. The Matter was thus in all its Circumstances.

One day upon the Exchange at *Rotterdam* I casually met a Gentleman, who some Time ago was one of the most considerable Merchants in *Ireland*, but about some four Years since, by his great Losses at Sea, was forced to fly his Country in a very mean Condition. I put him in Mind of his Misfortunes, by a Favour he once conferred upon me of a Bottle of Claret and a Neat's Tongue, at launching of a new Ship that he had built in *Dublin*; which Vessel (Bottom and Goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first Voyage. The Gentleman seemed very sensible of his Misfortunes, but withal told me, that he had still a Glass of Wine and a Tongue at my Service, if I would come and see him at his House that Evening. I made him a Visit, and found, to my no small Surprise, a handsome House neatly furnished, excellent Meat, and as good *Burgundy* as ever joyed the Heart of Man. I took the Freedom to ask my Merchant how a Bankrupt should come by all this; in Answer to which he gave me the following Account of his Affairs.

The *Dutch*, Sir (said he) have a Law, that whatever Merchant in any Part of *Europe*, who has had any considerable Traffic with this Country, whose Honesty is apparent by his former Accounts, and can prove by a sufficient Testimony, that his Losses and Misfortunes are not chargeable upon his Ignorance nor Extravagance, but purely those of unfortunate Chance, above the Reach of human Prevention; that then such a Merchant may repair to them, have the Freedom of any Sea-port in the State, a Supply of whatever Money he's willing to take up out of the public Revenue, upon the bare Security of his Industry and Integrity: And all this upon the current Interest, which is seldom above Four per Cent.

Pursuant to this (continued the Gentleman) my Qualifications for this Credit being sufficiently testified, I took up here two Thousand Pounds Sterling, and in two Years have gained Fifty per Cent, so that by God's Assistance, and my own diligent Endeavours, I question not but in a few Years, I shall be able to shew my Face to my Creditors, return to my Country, and there live in *statu quo*.

Here are two Points remarkable enough: A charitable Action to relieve distressed Strangers, and a Policy of State for the Interest of the Republic, which you may soon discover by repeating the Conditions. His Honesty must be manifest from his former Accounts, his Sufficiency in Business apparent from his precedent Manner of Dealing, his Misfortunes such as were above human Prevention, as by Storms, Pirates, or the like; but above all, he must have some considerable Traffic with this Country; there's the Clincher, the Utile, the greatest Encouragement imaginable for all Foreigners to traffic with this Nation, and for the most ingenious Traders, who are not always the most fortunate, to seek a Residence among them: And what Life and Vigour these two Circumstances may add to the Trade of a Nation, the flourishing Condition of this People is the most sufficient Witness.

Now, *Sam*, I have tired you most certainly, for I am weary myself, and we are seldom the soonest weary  
with

with our own : The Gravity of my Stile you must impute to the Air of the Country, and the Length of my Letter to a very rainy Day, that has kept me within ; and to excuse the Matter, it shall cost you nothing, for I send it by a Gentleman, who can assure you that what I have said is true. I shall at least conclude with a Truth, that I am,

*Dear Sir, yours, &c.*

## LETTER XVI.

*An interesting Letter from a Gentleman, to his Friend, who had been long absent from his native Country.*

*Dear Sir,*

*London, June 4, 1765.*

**Y**OUR long Absence renders Information of the Situation of your Family as necessary, as if you were an utter Stranger to them. The Occasion of this, is to give you an Account of the Death of Mrs *Vincent*, whose Departure out of this Life, I know not whether a Man of your Philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some Circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole Life happy in an uninterrupted Health, and was always honoured for an Evenness of Temper, and Greatness of Mind. On the 10th Instant, that Lady was taken with an Indisposition which confined her to her Chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick Bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any Satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known, that some Years ago Mr. *Poole*, one of the most considerable Surgeons in *London*, was desperately in love with this Lady : Her Quality placed her above any Application to her on the Account of his Passion ; but as a Woman always has some Regard to the Person whom she believes to be her real Admirer, she now took it in her Head (upon Advice of her Physicians to lose some of her Blood) to send for Mr. *Poole* on that Occasion. I happened to be there at that Time, and my near Relation gave me the Privilege to be present. As soon as her Arm was stripped bare, and he began

to press it, in order to raise the Vein, his Colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden Tremor, which made me take the Liberty to speak of it to my Cousin with some Apprehension : She smiled, and said, she knew Mr. *Poole* had no Inclination to do her Injury. He seemed to recover himself, and, smiling also, proceeded in his Work. Immediately after the Operation, he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all Men, for that he had opened an Artery instead of a Vein. It is as impossible to express the Artist's Distraction, as the Patient's Composure. I will not dwell on little Circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three Days Time it was thought necessary to take off her Arm. She was so far from using Mr. *Poole*, as it would be natural to one of a lower Spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any Consultation about her present Condition ; and on every Occasion asked, whether he was satisfied in the Measures that were taken about her? Before this last Operation, she ordered her Will to be drawn, and, after having been about a Quarter of an Hour alone, she bid the Surgeons, of whom poor Mr. *Poole* was one, go on in their Work. I know not how to give you the Terms of Art, but there appeared such Symptoms after the Amputation of her Arm, that it was visible she could not live about four and twenty Hours. Her Behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole Affair, that I was particularly curious of taking Notice of what passed, as her Fate approached nearer and nearer, and took Notes of what she said to all about her, particularly Word for Word what she spoke to Mr. *Poole*, which was as follows ;

“ Sir, you give me an inexpressible Sorrow for the  
 “ Anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I  
 “ am removed to all Intents and Purposes from the In-  
 “ terests of human Life, therefore I am to begin to  
 “ think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not  
 “ consider you as one by whose Error I have lost my  
 “ Life ; no, you are my Benefactor, as you have hast-  
 “ ened my Entrance into a happy Immortality. This  
 “ is my Sense of this Accident ; but the World, in  
 “ which you live, may have Thoughts of it to your  
 “ Disad-



“Disadvantage. I have therefore taken Care to provide for you in my Will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their Ill-nature.”

While this excellent Woman spoke these Words, Mr. Poole looked as if he received a Condemnation to die, instead of a Pension for his Life. Mrs. Vincent lived till eight of the Clock the next Night, and tho’ she must have laboured under the most exquisite Torments, she possessed her Mind with so wonderful a Patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe than she died at that Hour. You, who had not the Happiness to be personally known to this Lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the Honour you had of being related to so great Merit; but we, who have lost her Conversation, cannot so easily resign our own Happiness by Reflection upon hers. I am, Sir,

*Your affectionate Kinsman,*

*And most obedient Servant,*

P. R.

## LETTER XVII.

*On the wonderful Effects of a reputed sudden Elevation.*

*Dear Sir,*

**P**ERMIT me to postpone other Affairs, though more momentous, in order to relate a Circumstance not more trite than unexpected.

What will you say, when I tell you, that a current Report of my being immensely rich is the greatest Misfortune I at present labour under? Nor do I find it so supportable as you may be apt to imagine. The Occasion was owing to the frequent Slights I had received from the Gentlewoman with whom I lodge, and from others of my Friends, who, believing that I lived up to my scanty Fortune, as in Truth I do, (though I take care to be beholden to nobody, and pay ready Money for every Thing) could not treat me negligently enough. I complained of this to that arch Wag *Tony Richards*, who told me he would change every

one's Behaviour to me in a few Days. And he has done it effectually: For what does he do, but, as a Kind of Secret, acquaints my Landlady, that, beside my poor little Estate, which you know to be my All, he had lately discovered, that I had twenty thousand Pounds Stock in one of our great Companies.

Such was the Force of this whimsical Delusion, that, the very next Morning, I had a clean Towel hung over my Water-bottle, tho' I never before had more than one a Week during the twenty Years I have lodged there.

About a Week after this, my Cousin *Tom*, who for the two Years he has been in the *Temple*, has let me see him but three Times, came in a most complaisant Manner, plainer dressed than I had ever before seen him; and begged, if the Length of the Evening was in any Degree burthensome, I would permit him to wait upon me with such Pieces of Wit, Humour, or Entertainment, as the Town afforded; the reading of which under my Ear, he was sure, would be a great Advantage to him; and assured me, that, for a Beginning, he had presumed to bring the last new Tragedy in his Pocket: I thanked my young Spark, upon which he is so much in earnest in his Observances, that three Nights in a Week he thus entertains me: Which will, at least, be of so much Service, as to keep him out of more expensive Company. You cannot think what Pains the Rogue takes to read with the Cadence he knows I admire, and sits till his Teeth chatter before he offers to look towards the Fire.

What you will still more wonder at, Sir *John Hookhim* called upon me before *Christmas*; and though I have not had a Visit from him these five Years, was so obliging, as to run away with me in his Chariot into *Hertfordshire*, to keep the Holidays in his Family; where his Lady treated me with the utmost Respect, and her Daughters paid me their morning Devoirs, with the same Deference as if I had been their Grand Papa. No Dinner was concluded upon without consulting my Palate; and the young Gentlemen, his Sons, are as ambitious of my hearing their Exercises, as if their Fortunes depended upon my Approbation.

Sir

Sir *John* acquainted me with every Improvement he had made in his Estate; and assured me, that his second Son *Will*, my Namesake, had a Genius singularly turned for managing Country Business, had he not the Misfortune of having a Brother born before him; and gave me several Reasons to believe, that a fine Estate which lay in the Neighbourhood, and was then to be sold, would be a great Pennyworth. I took the Hint; but said, I had no Inclination to purchase: He shook his Head at my Thousands, and told me, that, in his Opinion, a Land Estate was preferable to the best Stock in the Kingdom.

When I came to Town the 4th of *January*, I was no sooner out of Sir *John's* Chariot, but my Landlady, in Person, informed me, that since I had been absent, I had had so many Presents sent me, that she had been in an hundred Fears for their spoiling: I asked her the Particulars, and found five Turkeys, three Chines, three Hampers of *Madeira* for the Gout, two Collars of Brawn, Geese, Chickens, Hares, and Wild-Fowl, to a large Amount.

At Night I was welcomed to Town by all my old Acquaintance, and about twenty almost new ones. I was a little tired with my Journey; and had a slight Cold besides, which being observed, one was running for a Physician, another for a Surgeon to bleed me: One thought an Emetic not improper: Another recommended a gentle Sweat, or composing Draught; and, amidst the general Officiousness, I could hear it whispered, that, if my Will was not made, Delays might prove dangerous: And, in the Morning, five Messengers after my Welfare arrived before Day.

Thus, Sir, you see my Peace is gone; my Tongue is of no Use; for no one believes me when I declare my real Circumstances: And, under the Happiness of a very small Fortune, I suffer all the Afflictions attending a Man immoderately rich; and if you keep not your usual Behaviour I shall not know myself, nor any Man else; since all my Companions are become Flatterers, and all around me are so obsequious, that it is impos-

ble for me to know when I do wright or wrong. I am,  
 dear Sir, though thus whimsically situated,

*Your real Friend.*

## LETTER XVIII.

*Pliny to Hispellus.*

**A**S I remember the great Affection which was between you and your excellent Brother, and know you love his Daughter as your own, so as not only to expresse the Tendernefs of the best of Aunts, but even to supply that of the best of Fathers; I am sure it will be a Pleasure to you to hear that she proves worthy of her Father, worthy of you, and of your and her Ancestors. Her Ingenuity is admirable, her Frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the surest Pledge of her Virtue, and adds to this a wonderful Disposition to Learning, which she has acquired from her Affection to me. She reads my Writings, studies them, and even gets them by Heart. You would smile to see the Concern she is in when I have a Cause to plead, and the Joy she shews when it is over. She finds Means to have the first News brought her of the Success I meet with in Court, how I am heard, and what Decree is made. If I recite any Thing in Public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some Corner to hear, where, with the utmost Delight, she feasts upon my Applauses. Sometimes she sings my Verses, and accompanies them with the Lute, without any Master, except Love, the best of Instructors. From these Instances I take the most certain Omens of our perpetual and increasing Happiness; since her Affection is not founded on my Youth and Person, which must gradually decay; but she is in love with the immortal Part of me, my Glory and Reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the Happiness to receive her Education from you, who in your House was accustomed to every Thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your Recommendation. For, as you had always  
 the



the greatest Respect for my Mother, you were pleased from my Infancy to form me, to command me, and kindly to preface I should be one to what my Wife fancies I am. Accept therefore our united Thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on me; and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual Grant of Joy and Felicity.

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## LETTER XIX.

*From Miss Watfon to Miss Richards.*

*My dearest Friend,*

**Y**OUR kind Epistle demands my warmest Acknowledgment. You have, no Doubt, heard of the sudden Death of my Uncle *Stevens*. He came to see me the Day before, when I thought he seemed to have lost something of his usual Moroseness. He proposed my coming to live with him, and told me my Papa had given his Consent. I was entirely at a loss for an Answer; for I feared disobliging my Uncle, yet could not think of being under the same Roof with that *Betty*, whom you have heard me talk of when I first came to School. She was undoubtedly his Mistress, and ruled him with a most tyrannical Hand: But I have since his Death learnt, that he turned her out of Doors, about a Week before he died, in a most violent Passion; the Reason of which could only be guessed at from the Dismissal of a favourite Footman at the same Time: For he would tell my Mamma nothing concerning their Quarrel; but only said, that it would not be the worse for some in her Family, meaning me, I suppose; for he has left me the Residue of his Fortune, after the Payment of a few Legacies. My Mamma sends me Word, that the abominable *Betty* has made away with the greatest Part of the Family Plate, and embezzled a good Deal of Money; and for this they talk of bringing her to Justice. But, dear Miss *Jenkins*, I cannot bear to think of it. For my Part, I will never consent to expose my Uncle's Character

rafter in a public Court for the Sake of a few Pounds. I have one more Difficulty to entrust to the Bosom of my Friend : My Uncle was very fond of a pretty Boy, who passed for his Maid's Nephew, and whom he supported in a genteel Manner. This Child, I know, my Mamma believes to be her Brother's; and if this is the Case, as I don't doubt but it is, has not the poor, unfriended Creature a Right to some Provision ? To be sure my Uncle would have provided for him, if his Resentment against his vile Mother had not hindered him. He had no Time, poor Man, to grow cool. Something must, something shall be done for the unhappy Boy ; yet I know not how to bring it about, at least while I am under Age ; for this Circumstance was always kept a Secret from my Papa. Help me, my Friend, with your Advice, which will always be received with Deference, by

*Your obliged, and affectionate*

*Friend and Servant.*

## LETTER XX.

*From a young Lady, to congratulate a Friend on her Marriage.*

*Dear Madam,*

**T**HOUGH from your last, I had Reason to think you approached the indissoluble Bond, I could not apprehend the Change would have been so sudden. I pleased myself with the Thought of being your Companion and Confident in the agreeable Task of chusing Silks, Laces, and Ribbons ; and imagined, that my being consulted on Affairs of such Importance, by so fine a young Lady, would have made me appear in a more favourable Light to the Companions of my Sister Jenny, than I could expect from my being a Girl just come from School ; but you have disconcerted all my Schemes. However, as I have no Doubt of your Happiness, I sincerely rejoice in the Event. May your Felicity be long, and uninterrupted, and every Thing  
con-

conspire to render it complete. My Papa gives Mr. *Turner* just such a Character, as I wish the Man may deserve, who shall make a Wife of my Sister *Jenny*; and may I not add, since it is to my dearest Friend, that shall make a Wife of my Sister's Sister? May he live long, and always deserve so fair a Character, and so deserving a Bride; and may that Bride live long, to reward his Merit, and delight her Friends. And, to conclude in one Word, may you be the happiest Pair in *England*. I am,

*Dear Madam, yours, &c.*

## LETTER XXI.

*From a Lady to a most intimate Friend.*

*Dear Madam,*

**R**elying on our mutual Confidence, I presume to request of you a very important Favour. You may remember, that in the Letter I wrote to you on my Uncle's Death, I mentioned a Child whom I thought I ought to provide for out of my Uncle's Estate. The Mother, for Fear of Punishment, keeps out of the Way; and the Boy, my Uncle's Son, will be turned into the Street, if his Board is not paid for. I must therefore intreat you to take him under your Protection, till it is in my Power to do it, or till I can have the Affair set in what I imagine a true Light to my Father. If I live, I will reimburse you; and if not, the Benevolence of the Action will, to a Mind like yours, be its own Reward. He boards at Mr. *Jones's*, in *Hoxton-Square*, and is called *Jacky Savage*. I hope by the next Quarter to be my own Almoner; but I would by no Means desire you to do this without the Knowledge and Consent of Mr. *Turner*. Forgive this Trouble, and believe me to be what I really am, yours, and for your Sake Mr. *Turner's*

*Most obliged Friend and Servant.*

*P. S.*

P. S. As I find upon Recollection, that it will give me some Pain to do any Thing in this Affair without my Papa's Advice and Approbation, I should be glad if either your Papa or Mr. *Turner* would mention it to him, and set it in a fair Light; for as my Papa is a Man of the strictest Integrity and Honour, I am sure he will never coolly consent to abandon even the illegitimate Son of one so nearly related to my Mamma, while the Estate is possessed by one in his Family. But tho' this is a Favour it would not become me to ask of those Gentlemen, yet I hope it would not be improper for you to ask it, which will be an Obligation that I shall always gratefully acknowledge.

## LETTER XXII.

*The Answer.*

*My dear Friend,*

**C**Harmed with the Justice and Generosity of your Sentiments, I have communicated them to my Spouse, who has laid on me the strictest Injunction, to exert my utmost Ability in your Service. He took the Affair upon himself without my asking it; and waiting upon your Papa the same Evening, with your Letters in his Pocket, met with all the Success you could desire; your Father having readily promised, that if, upon his making a strict Enquiry, there appears any Probability of the Boy's being Mr. *Stevens's* Son, he will provide for him. As a generous Action is the best Recommendation to a generous Mind, your Father was highly delighted with you, and quite lavish in your Praise. He read your Letters with a visible Satisfaction in his Looks, and expressed his Joy at finding that you so well deserved your good Fortune. Mr. *Turner* longs no less than I do to see you, and has desired me to assure you of his inviolable Friendship, as well as that of

*Your affectionate.*

LET-



## LETTER XXIII.

*From Miss Jenkins to her Friend, inviting her to be present at her Marriage.*

*Dear Madam,*

**Y**OUR Absence, and your long Friendship, have obliged me to trouble you with this Epistle. You know that for some Time I have permitted the Address of Mr. *Townsend*, a Gentleman of Merit, who has my Father's Approbation. As I am but young, I should be glad to continue single a little longer; but as I can have no Objection to the Gentleman, for whom I have the highest Esteem, this will not be allowed; and next *Tuesday* is the Day when he is to enter into a nearer Relation to us. O Madam! I dread the awful Ceremony that is to produce so great a Change; that must render my Happiness dependant on another's, and my now free Actions censurable by another's Judgment; and though I shall be surrounded with the nearest Relations, who are very dear to me, cannot help wishing for the Presence of a much-loved Friend, who has so lately entered into that important State, and whose Looks and present Happiness, I imagine, will remove my Diffidence, and inspire me with Courage. I will not injure your Friendship so much as to make any Apology for my desiring this Favour, since it is what Friendship has fully a Right to ask. Come then, and let me see you. Mr. *Turner* will be an agreeable Guest to my Father; and my Mamma has told me, that his and your Company will be a Favour which she will always gratefully acknowledge. Present my Service to him, and believe that no Situation in Life will ever prevent my being

*Most sincerely yours.*

LET.

## LETTER XXIV.

*Elegant Description of the manner of conferring a Benefit.*

S I R,

**I**F others affect to esteem you for your ample Fortune; permit me to admire the noble Uses to which you apply it. Your splendid Roofs and elegant Accommodations I can view without the least Emotion of Envy: But when I observe you in the full Power of exerting the noble Purposes of your exalted Generosity,—it is then, I confess, I am apt to reflect, with some Regret, on the humbler Supplies of my own more limited Finances. To be able to soften the Calamities of Mankind, and inspire Gladness into a Heart oppressed with Want, is indeed the noblest Privilege of an enlarged Fortune: But to exercise that Privilege in all its generous Refinements, is an Instance of the most uncommon Elegance, both of Temper and Understanding.

In the ordinary Dispensations of Bounty, little Address is required: But when it is to be applied to those of a superior Rank and more elevated Mind, there is as much Charity discovered in the Manner, as in the Measure of one's Benevolence. It is something extremely mortifying to a well-formed Spirit, to see itself considered as an Object of Compassion; as it is the Part of improved Humanity to humour this honest Pride in our Nature, and to relieve the Necessities without offending the Delicacy of the Distressed.

I have seen Charity (if Charity it might be called) insult with an Air of Pity, and wound at the same Time that it healed. But I have seen too the highest Munificence dispensed with the most refined Tenderness, and a Bounty conferred with as much Address as the most artful would employ in soliciting one. Suffer me, Sir, upon this single Occasion, to gratify my own Inclinations in Violence to yours, by pointing out the particular Instance I have in my View; and allow me, at the same Time, to join my Acknowledgments, with those of the unfortunate Person I recommend to your Protection,

Protection, for the generous Assistance you lately afforded him. I am, &c.

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## LETTER XXV.

*By Mr. GAY, giving an Account of two Lovers who were struck dead by the same Flash of Lightning.*

*Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.*

THE only News you can expect to have from me here, is News from Heaven ; for I am quite out of the World, and there is scarce any Thing can reach me, except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Vallies have escaped : The only Thing that is Proof against it is the Laurel, which however I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But, to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stands still undefaced, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been consumed to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perished ! But, unhappily, beneath this little Shelter sat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beach-tree. *John Hewit* was a well-set Man, of about five and twenty ; *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age : They had passed through the various Labours of the Year together with the greatest Satisfaction ; if she milked, 'twas his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but last Fair, that he bought her a Present of green Silk for her Straw-Hat ; and the Poesy on her Silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood ; for Scandal never affirmed that they had any other Views than the lawful Possession of each other in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he

had

had obtained the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of their Wedding-Cloaths, and *John* was suiting several Sorts of Poppies and Field-flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for the Wedding-day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of *July*, between two and three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightning and Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded. *Sarah* was frightened, and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley; *John*, who never separated from her, sat down by her Side, having raked together two or three Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split asunder; every one was sollicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the Field. No Answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they stepped to the Place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a Smoke, and then espied this faithful Pair, *John* with one Arm about *Sarah's* Neck, and the other held over her, as to skreen her from the Lightning. They were both struck in this tender Posture. *Sarah's* left Eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black Spot on her Breast; her Lover was all over black, but not the least Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions, they were conveyed to the Town, and the next Day interred in *Stanton-Harcourt* Church-yard. My Lord *Harcourt*, at Mr. *Pope's* and my Request, has caused a Stone to be placed over them, upon Condition that we should furnish the Epitaph, which is as follows:

*When Eastern Lovers feed the Fun'ral Fire,  
On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire;  
Here pitying Heav'n that Virtue mutual found,  
And blasted both that it might neither wound.  
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,  
Sent his own Lightning, and the Victims seiz'd.*

But



But my Lord is apprehensive the Country People will not understand this; and Mr. Pope says he will make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little Poetry as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXVI.

*Mrs. ROWE to the Countess of Hertford.*

*Madam,*

**W**HEN I begin a Friendship, 'tis for Immortality. This Confession, I own, is enough to put you in some Terror, that you are never like to drop my Conversation in this World, nor the next; but I hope I shall improve in the Realms of Light, and get a new Set of Thoughts to entertain you with at your Arrival there, which, for the public Interest, I wish may be long after I am sleeping in the Dust: But perhaps mine will be the first joyful Spirit that will welcome you to the immaterial Coasts, and entertain you with one of the softest Songs of *Paradise* at your Arrival—Mr. *Rollie* would think this all gay Chimera's and Fairy Visions, but how much more so are all the charming Scenes on Earth?

*As the fantastic Images of Night  
Before the op'ning Morning take their Flight;  
So vanish all the Hopes of Men; their Pride  
And vain Designs the laughing Skies deride.*

You will think, Madam, I am resolved you shall remember your latter End, whoever forgets it. I suppose you will expect the next Picture I send you will be Time with a Scythe and an Hour-glass; but really these Memento's of Mortality are necessary to People, like you, in the Height of Greatness, and the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty.—If I go on, you will think me in the Height of the Vapours, and the Perfection of the Spleen; but, in all the Variety of my Temper,

*I am your Ladyship's*

*Most obedient humble Servant,*

ELIZ. ROWE.

## LETTER XXVII.

*From a young Lady to Mr. POPE.**Paris, Sept. 18, 1716.*

LAST Post brought me the Favour of your Letter of the 10th of *August*. I am in a Place where Pleasure is continually flowing. The Princes set the Example, and the Subjects follow at a Distance. The Ladies are of all Parties, by which Means the Conversation of the Men is very much softened, and fashioned from those blunt Disputes on Politics, and rough Jest, we are so guilty of; while the Freedom of the Women takes away all Formality and Constraint. I must own, at the same Time, these Beauties are a little too artificial for my Taste: You have seen a *French* Picture, the Original is more painted; and such a Crust of Powder and Essence in their Hair, that you can see no Difference between black and red. By disusing Stays, and indulging themselves at Table, they run out of all Shape; but as to that, they may give a good Reason, they prefer Conveniency to Parade, and are by this Means as ready, as they are generally willing, to be charitable.

I am surpris'd to find I have wrote so much Scandal: I fancy I am either setting up for a Wit, or imagine I must write in this Style to a Wit; I hope you will prove a good-natured one, and not only let me hear from you sometimes, but forgive the small Encouragement you meet with. I won't trouble myself to finish finely; a true Compliment is better than a good one; and I can assure you without any, that I am very sincerely,

S I R,

*Your, &c.*

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## LETTER XXVIII.

*From Mr. POPE to a Lady, on the Separation of Friends, and the Satisfactions of Integrity and Virtue.*

THE Weather is too fine for any one that loves the Country to leave it at this Season; when every Smile of the Sun, like the Smile of a coy Lady, is as dear as it is uncommon; and I am so much in the Taste of rural Pleasures, I had rather see the Sun than any Thing he can shew me, except yourself. I despise every fine Thing in Town, not excepting your new Gown, till I see you dressed in it, (which, by the way, I don't like the better for the red; the Leaves, I think, are very pretty.) I am growing fit, I hope, for a better World, of which the Light of the Sun is but a Shadow: For I doubt not but God's Works here are what come nearest to his Works there; and that a true Relish of the Beauties of Nature is the most easy Preparation and gentlest Transition to an Enjoyment of those of Heaven: As, on the contrary, a true Town-Life of Hurry, Confusion, Noise, Slander and Dissension, is a sort of Apprenticeship to Hell and its Furies. I am endeavouring to put my Mind into as quiet a Situation as I can, to be ready to receive that Stroke which I believe is coming upon me, and have fully resigned myself to yield to it. The Separation of my Soul and Body, is what I could think of with less Pain; for I am very sure he that made it will take Care of it, and in whatever State he pleases it shall be, that State must be right: But I cannot think without Tears of being separated from my Friends, when their Condition is so doubtful, that they may want even such Assistance as mine. Sure it is more merciful to take from us after Death all Memory of what we loved or pursued here; for else what a Torment would it be to a Spirit, still to love those Creatures it is quite divided from? Unless we suppose, that, in a more exalted Life, all that we esteemed in this imperfect State will affect

us no more than what we loved in our Infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd Way of writing to a Lady, and I am sensible would throw me under a great deal of Ridicule, were you to shew this Letter among your Acquaintance. But perhaps you may not yourself be quite a Stranger to this Way of thinking. I heartily wish your Life may be so long and so happy, as never to let you think quite so far as I am now led to do; but to think a little towards it, is what will make you the happier and the easier at all Times.

There are no Pleasures or Amusements that I don't wish you; and therefore 'tis no small Grief to me, that I shall for the future be less able to partake with you in them. But let Fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our Honesty and our Independence: I despise from my Heart whoever parts with the first, and I pity from my Soul whoever quits the latter.

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### LETTER XXIX.

*From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE. On his Affection for that Poet, and his own infirm Condition.*

*Febr. 7, 1735-6.*

**I**T is some Time since I dined at the Bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great Concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great Pain of Mind: Yet for my own Sake and the World's, more than for yours; because I well know how little you value Life, both as a Philosopher and a Christian; particularly the Latter, wherein hardly one in a Million of us Heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of Pain, who could not bear the Loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the Grave, for which my Years and continual Indisposition are preparing me every Season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some Ease by an Account of your Health; pray



pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an Estate from which I receive my best annual Rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickel was, at the same Meeting, under the same real Concern; and so were a hundred others of this Town, who had never seen you.

I have nobody now left but you: Pray be so kind to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without Pain; and let us meet in a better Place, if my Religion will permit, but rather my Virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the World to honour an absent Friend with his Letters. My State of Health is not to boast of; my Giddiness is more or less too constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor Appetite. I can as easily write a Poem in the *Chinese* Language as my own: I am as fit for Matrimony as Invention; and yet I have daily Schemes for innumerable Essays in Prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen Lines, which the next Morning become waste Paper. What vexes me most is, that my Female Friends, who could bear me very well a dozen Years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in Proportion to them, as I formerly was: Which I can prove by Arithmetic; for then I was double their Age, which now I am not.

Farewell, my dearest Friend! ever, and upon every Account that can create Friendship and Esteem.

## LETTER XXX.

*From Mr. POPE to Mr. RICHARDSON, to desire him to draw his Mother's Picture from her Corpse.*

*Twickenham, June 10, 1733.*

AS I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this Day our Wishes would have met, and brought you hither: And this for the very Reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that

that my poor Mother is dead. I thank God, her Death was as easy, as her Life was innocent; and, as it cost her not a Groan, or even a Sigh, there is yet upon her Countenance such an Expression of Tranquillity, nay almost of Pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest Image of a Saint expired, that ever Painting drew; and it would be the greatest Obligation which even that obliging Art could ever bestow on a Friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent Obstacle, you will leave any common Business to do this; and I hope to see you this Evening as late as you will, or to-morrow Morning as early, before this Winter Flower is faded. I will defer her Interment till To-morrow Night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this — I could not (at this Time) have written at all — Adieu! May you die as happily!

*Yours, &c.*

### LETTER XXXI.

*From Dr. ARTBUTHNOT to Mr. POPE, on his own Illness, and their unalterable Friendship.*

*Hampstead, July 17, 1734.*

**I** Little doubt of your kind Concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my Friends with at present, but Prayers and good Wishes. I have the Satisfaction to find, that I am as officiously served by my Friends, as he that has Thousands to leave in Legacies; besides the Assurance of their Sincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily Distress as easy as a Thing of that Nature can be. I have found some Relief, at least sometimes, from the Air of this Place. My Nights are bad, but many poor Creatures have worse.

As for you, my good Friend, I think, since our first Acquaintance, there have not been any of those little Suspicions or Jealousies that often affect the sincerest Friend.

Friendships ; I am sure not on my Side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those Talents which the World prizes, yet they were not the Foundation of my Friendship ; they were quite of another Sort ; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them : And I make it my last Request, that you will continue that noble Disdain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you seem naturally endued with ; but still with a due Regard to your own safety ; and study more to reform than chastise, though the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord *Bathurst* I have always honoured, for every good Quality that a Person of his Rank ought to have : Pray give my Respects and kindest Wishes to the Family. My Venison Stomach is gone ; but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his Present. If it is left at my House, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A Recovery in my Case, and at my Age, is impossible ; but, living or dying, I shall always be

*Yours, &c.*

L E T T E R XXXII.

*From a learned Gentleman to his Friend, on reading History.*

S I R,

I Cannot but applaud your noble Resolution to prosecute your Studies, with indefatigable Affiduity even at *Paris*, that Seat of the Beau Monde. But you do me too much Honour to consult me about the Reading you should make Choice of, being so capable of making that Choice yourself. Nevertheless, since you absolutely require that I should explain myself upon this Subject, I shall not hesitate to tell you, that I should prefer the reading of History to all other. It is an Opinion of which I have given a public Testimony, and that I shall never change. Instead of quoting the Passage where I speak advantageously of History, I had rather write it in this Letter for your Ease and my own. You

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will

will not have the Trouble to look for the Book, and I shall not have that of recollecting the Arguments I then advanced, that History instructs us in an engaging and agreeable Manner; that the greater Part of the other Sciences give Precepts which our Mind usually flights, because it loves Freedom, and because it takes Pleasure in opposing every Thing that favors of Command. I added, that instead of those imperious Maxims, History gives us only Reflections to make upon the Events that she displays before our Eyes, and that those Events are so many Examples which we have to follow or avoid. She makes us attend the Councils of Sovereigns, and enables us to distinguish Flattery from good Advice. She describes Sieges and Battles to us, and make us take Notice of the Faults or good Conduct of the Generals. In a Word, she gives us, in a few Years, an Experience that many Years cannot give without her Assistance. Will you permit me, Sir, to improve upon what I have said, and to take from a better Fund than my own? A most eloquent Prelate will supply me with two or three Periods, which you will be very glad to know. He speaks of a great and ingenious Princess which we have just lost, and says, that the Resolution of prosecuting the Study of Wisdom kept her engaged to the Reading of which we speak. That History is rightly called the wise Counsellor of Princes. It is there, continued he, that the greatest Kings have no more Rank than by their Virtues; and that degraded for ever by the Hands of Death, they undergo, without Court and without Retinue, the Judgment of all People, and of all Ages. It is there we discover that the Gloss of Flattery is superficial, and that false Colours will not last, how ingeniously soever they be laid on. There our admirable Princess studied the Duties of those whose Lives compose History, &c. You see, Sir, that I have kept my Word; what I have borrowed is better than what is my own, and that I have thought of nothing but satisfying you, without considering that I was going to destroy the good Opinion you may have of my Writings. I will even tell you what Historian I should prefer for Pleasure and for Instruction. It is *Plutarch*, whom the too severe Critics will hardly acknowledge  
to



to be an Historian. I acknowledge he has not made any Body of History, and that he has left none but particular and unconnected Lives. But what Histories can be found, which please and instruct like these Lives? At least, what Person can read them without relishing a thousand Beauties, and remarking every Moment Maxims of Morality and Politics? *Plutarch* introduces them naturally; he gathers none but Flowers that grow under his Feet, and does not go out of the Way to gather others. He paints the Man whose Life he relates; he makes him known, such as he was, at the Head of the Army, in the Government of the People, in his own Family, and in his Pleasures. In fine, Sir, I should be of the Opinion of an Author, who said, that if he was constrained to fling all the Books of the Ancients into the Sea, *Plutarch* should be the last drowned. We will say more of this when we go to \*\*\*\* with the M. of M\*\*. If you would entertain your Friends with less Ceremony, we should already have made you this Visit; but you treat at your House as sumptuously, as if the Superintendency was still in your Family. I am most absolutely,

S I R,

*Your most humble,*

*and most obedient Servant.*

### LETTER XXXIII.

*Describing the Difficulties and Dilemmas which attend Law Suits.*

Dear Sir,

I AM not more surprized than concerned, that the Difference between you and Mr. *Archer* is likely to bring on a Law-suit. I wish you would take it into your serious Consideration before you begin, because it will hardly be in your Power to end it when you please. For you immediately put the Matter out of your own Hands, into the Hands of those, whose Interest it is to protract the Suit from Term to Term;

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and

and who will as absolutely prescribe to you in it, as your Physician in a dangerous Illness.

The Law, my good Friend, I look upon, more than any one Thing, as the proper Punishment of an over-hasty and perverse Spirit, as it is a Punishment that follows an Act of a Man's own seeking and chusing. You will not consent perhaps now to submit the Matter in Dispute to Reference; but let me tell you, that, after you have expended large Sums of Money, and squandered away a deal of Time in Attendance on your Lawyers, and Preparations for Hearings, one Term after another, you will probably be of another Mind, and be glad seven Years hence to leave it to that Arbitration which now you refuse. He is happy who is wise by other Men's Misfortunes, says the common Adage: And, when you have heard from all your Acquaintance, who have tried the Experiment, what a grievous Thing the Law is, will you notwithstanding pay for that Wisdom, which you may have at the Cost of others?

The Representation that was once hung up as a Sign in the *Rolls* Liberty, on one Side, of a Man all in Rags wringing his Hands, with a Label, importing, *That he had lost his Suit*; and on the other, a Man that had not a Rag left, but stark-naked, capering and triumphing, *That he had carried his Cause*\*; was a fine Emblem of going to Law, and the infatuating Madness of a litigious Spirit.

How excellent to this Purpose is the Advice of our blessed Saviour, rather than seek this Redress against any who would even *take one's Coat*, to *give him his Cloak also*! For, besides the Christian Doctrine inculcated by this Precept, it will be found, as the Law is managed, and the Uncertainty that attends it, even in the best-grounded Litigations, that such a pacific Spirit may be deemed the only Way to preserve the rest of one's Garments, and to prevent being stripped to the Skin.

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\* 'Tis said that Sir *John Tr*——, Master of the *Rolls*, caused this Sign to be taken down, on the Clamour it occasioned among the Lawyers.

Moreover,

Moreover, what wise Man would rush upon a Proceeding, where the principal Men of the Profession (though the Oath they take, if Serjeants, obliges them not to sign a sham Plea, nor plead in a Cause against their own Opinion) nor not ashamed, under the specious, but scandalous Notion of doing the best they can for their Client, to undertake, for the Sake of a paltry Fee, to whiten over the blackest Cause, and to defeat the justest? Where your Property may depend altogether upon the Impudence of an eloquent Pleader asserting any Thing, and a perjured Evidence swearing whatever will do for his Suborner's Purpose? Where the Tricks and Mistakes of Practisers, and Want of trifling Forms, may nonsuit you? Where Deaths of Persons, made Parties to the Suit, may cause all to begin again? What wise Man, I say, would subject himself to these Vexations and common Incidents in the Law, if he could any-way avoid it; together with the intolerable Expences and Attendances consequent on a Law-suit? Besides the Fears, the Cares, the Anxieties that revolve with every Term, and engross all a Man's Thoughts? Where legal Proofs must be given to the plainest Facts; that a living Man is living, and identically himself; and that a dead Man is dead, and buried by Certificate; where Evidence must be brought, at a great Expence, to Hands and Seals affixed to Deeds and Receipts, that never were before questioned; till a Cause shall be split into several under-ones; these tried Term by Term, and Years elapse before the main Point comes to be argued, tho' originally there was but one single Point, as you apprehend, in the Question. As to the Law Part only, observe the Process: First comes the Declaration; 2dly, a Plea; 3dly, Demurrer to the Plea; 4thly, a Joinder in Demurrer; 5thly, a Rejoinder; 6thly, a Sur-rejoinder; which sometimes is conclusive, sometimes to begin all over again. Then may succeed Trials upon the Law Part, and Trials upon the Equity Part; oftentimes new Trials, or Re-hearings; and these followed by Writs of Error.

Then you may be plunged into the bottomless Gulph of Chancery, where you begin with Bills and Answers,

containing hundreds of Sheets at exorbitant Prices, fifteen Lines in a Sheet, and six Words in a Line, (and a Stamp to every Sheet) barefacedly so contrived to pick your Pocket: Then follow all the Train of Examinations, Interrogatories, Exceptions, Bills amended, References for Scandal and Impertinence, new Allegations, new Interrogatories, new Exceptions, on Pretence of insufficient Answers, Replies, Rejoinders, and Sur-rejoinders; till at last, when you have danced through this blessed Round of Preparation, the Hearing before the Master of the *Rolls* comes next; Appeals follow from his Honour to the Chancellor; then from the Chancellor to the House of Lords; and sometimes the Parties are sent down from thence for a new Trial in the Courts below.—Good Heavens! What wise Man, permit me to repeat, would enter himself into this confounding Circle of the Law?—

I hope, dear Sir, you will think of this Matter most deliberately, before you proceed in your present angry Purpose; and if you shall judge it proper to take my Advice, and avoid a Law-suit, I am sure you will have Reason to thank me for it, and for the Zeal wherewith I am

*Your sincere Friend and Servant.*

## LETTER XXXIV.

*Admonition to a young Lady, concerning keeping Company with a Person of bad Character.*

*Dear Miss,*

I should be deficient in my Duty, if I did not let you know, that the Neighbourhood begins to talk pretty free of you and Mr. *Lory*. You have been seen with him at the Play, and, after that, at the *R—Tavern*; a House of no good Repute, I assure you; where you have staid with him till near twelve o'Clock at Night: You have likewise been with him at *Vipont's* in *Hampstead*, at *Vaux-hall*, *Cuper's Gardens*, *Mary-le-bon*, &c.

I am



## LETTER-WRITER.

I am sorry for these Things, because he has none of the best of Characters; having, as I am well informed, already ruined two, if not three worthy Tradesmen's Daughters; and it is but too probable, that he has no honourable Design upon you: For, whatever he may promise you, I am credibly assured, that he is actually engaged with Miss *Knapper*, whom you know very well. Indeed it is said he has 200 *l. per Annum*; but if it be so, he is very much involved in the World; and, at the Rate he lives, had he three Times that Estate, would never be out of Debt; for he is downright extravagant, a Man of no Conduct, a perfect Rattle, whose Words are not to be relied on in any Respect; and makes a common Boast of the Favours he has received from our Sex, whose faulty Fondness is the constant Subject of his Ridicule.

For all these Reasons, I beg of you, dear Miss, to avoid his Company; for though I am confident you will preserve your Virtue, yet, my Dear, think what you will, you may receive an incurable Wound in your Reputation. I hope you will excuse this Liberty, which no other Motive but Zeal for your Credit and Welfare has occasioned. And believe me to be

*Your faithful Friend.*

## LETTER XXXV.

*From a Gentleman to assure his Friend of his Sincerity and Affection.*

S I R,

**I** AM far from relenting the Disingenuity of those, who would insinuate to me, that I had forfeited your much desired Friendship. Notwithstanding the many uneasy Hours I suffered upon that Account, I can easily forgive them; since they occasioned the kind and obliging Letter which you lately wrote me. You assure me, that I have not forfeited your good Opinion, and I return you a thousand Thanks for the Pleasure you give me. No one can honour you with a

warmer and more sincere Esteem than myself; and as I know none whose Virtues merit a higher Value, I should be unjust, if I did not feel the most sensible Joy in this Assurance, that I am still happy in the Place which you have so long allowed me in your Friendship. I shall preserve it with as entire a Satisfaction, as if I could never lose it; and at the same Time with as much Circumspection, as if I was every Moment in Danger of that Misfortune: I shall have all the Pleasure of those that are in Possession of Happiness, and all the Ardor of those that are in Pursuit of it. This Conduct, I hope, will contribute to the Increase of that Affection with which you honour,

S I R,

*Yours, &c.*

## LETTER XXXVI.

*A Caution against a sudden Intimacy or Friendship without previous Trial.*

*Cousin Jack,*

THE present Crisis will not admit of my being so elaborate on the Subject, which is the Cause of these Lines. I hear that Mr. *Douglas* and you have lately contracted such an Intimacy, that you are hardly ever asunder; and, as I know his Morals are not the best, nor his Circumstances the most happy, I fear he will, if he has not already done it, let you see, that he better knows what he does in seeking your Acquaintance, than you do in cultivating his.

I am far from desiring to abridge you in any necessary or innocent Liberty, or to prescribe too much to your Choice of a Friend: Nor am I against your being complaisant to Strangers; for this Gentleman's Acquaintance is not yet a Month old with you; but you must not think every Man, whose Conversation is agreeable, fit to be immediately treated as a Friend: Of all Sorts, hastily contracted Friendships promise the least Duration or Satisfaction; as they commonly arise  
from

from Design on one Side, and Weakness on the other. True Friendship must be the Effect of long and mutual Esteem and Knowledge: It ought to have for its Cement, an Equality of Years, a Similitude of Manners, and, pretty much, a Parity in Circumstance and Degree. But, generally speaking, an Opening to a Stranger carries with it strong Marks of Indiscretion, and not seldom ends in Repentance.

For these Reasons, I should be glad you would be upon your Guard, and proceed cautiously in this new Alliance. Mr. *Douglas* has Vivacity and Humour enough to please any Man of a light Turn; but, were I to give my Judgment of him, I should pronounce him fitter for the Tea-table than the Cabinet. He is smart, but very superficial; and treats all serious Subjects with a Contempt too natural to bad Minds; and I know more young Men than one, of whose good Opinion he has taken Advantage, and has made them wiser, though at their own Expence, than he found them.

The Caution I here give you, is the pure Effect of my Experience in Life, some Knowledge of your new Associate, and my Affection for you. The Use you make of it will determine, whether you merit this Concern from

*Your affectionate Kinsman.*

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## LETTER XXXVII.

*On keeping a Secret.*

S I R,

THERE can be no greater Test of Sincerity in Friendship, than an inviolable Retention of Secrets. Confidants in general are like crazy Fire-locks, which are no sooner charged and cocked, than the Spring gives way, and the Report immediately follows. Happy to have been thought worthy the Confidence of one Friend, they are impatient to manifest their Importance to another; till between them and their Friend, and their Friend's Friend, the whole Matter is presently known to *all our Friends round the Wrekin.*

The Secret catches, as it were, by Contact, and, like electrical Matter, breaks forth from every Link in the Chain, almost at the same Instant. Thus the whole *Exchange* may be thrown into a Buz To-morrow, by what was whispered in the Middle of *Marlborough Downs* this Morning; and in a Week's Time the Streets may ring with the Intrigue of a Woman of Fashion, bellowed out from the foul Mouths of the Hawkers, though at present it is known to no Creature living but her Gallant and her Waiting-maid.

As the Talent of Secrecy is of so great Importance to Society, and the necessary Commerce between Individuals cannot be securely carried on without it, that this deplorable Weakness should be so general, is much to be lamented. You may as well pour Water into a Funnel, or a Sieve, and expect it to be retained there, as commit your Concerns to so slippery a Companion. It is remarkable, that in those Men who have thus lost the Faculty of Retention, the Desire of being communicative is always most prevalent where it is least to be justified. If they are intrusted with a Matter of no great Moment, Affairs of more Consequence will perhaps in a few Hours shuffle it entirely out of their Thoughts: But if any thing be delivered to them with an Air of Earnestness, a low Voice, and the Gesture of a Man in Terror for the Consequence of its being known; if the Door is bolted, and every Precaution taken to prevent a Surprise; however they may promise Secrecy, and however they may intend it, the Weight upon their Minds will be so extremely oppressive, that it will certainly put their Tongues in Motion.

This Breach of Trust, so universal amongst us, is perhaps in great Measure owing to our Education. The first Lesson our little Masters and Misses are taught, is to become Blabs and Tell-Tales; they are bribed to divulge the petty Intrigues of the Family below Stairs to Pappa and Mamma in the Parlour, and a Doll or a Hobby-horse is generally the Encouragement of a Propensity, which could scarcely be atoned for by a whipping. As soon as Children can lisp out the little Intelligence they have picked up in the Hall or the Kitchen,



Kitchen, they are admired for their Wit : If the Butler has been caught kissing the House-keeper in his Pantry, or the Footman detected in romping with the Chambermaid, away flies little *Tommy* or *Betsy* with the News ; the Parents are lost in Admiration of the pretty Rogue's Understanding, and reward such uncommon Ingenuity with a Kiss and a Sugar-plumb.

Nor does an Inclination to Secrecy meet with less Encouragement at School. The Governantes at the Boarding-school teach Miss to be a good Girl, and tell them every Thing she knows : Thus, if any young Lady is unfortunately discovered eating a green Apple in a Corner, if she is heard to pronounce a naughty Word, or is caught picking the Letters out of another Miss's Sampler, away runs the Chit, who is so happy as to get the Start of the rest, screams out her Information as she goes, and the prudent Matron chucks her under the Chin, and tells her that she is a good Girl, and every Body will love her.

The Management of our young Gentlemen is equally absurd : In most of our Schools, if a Lad is discovered in a Scrape, the Impeachment of an Accomplice, as at the *Old Bailey*, is made the Condition of a Pardon. I remember a Boy, engaged in robbing an Orchard, who was unfortunately taken Prisoner in an Apple-tree, and conducted under a strong Guard of the Farmer and his Dairy-maid to the Master's House. Upon his absolute Refusal to discover his Associates, the Pedagogue undertook to lash him out of his Fidelity ; but finding it impossible to scourge the Secret out of him, he at last gave him up for an obstinate Villain, and sent him to his Father, who told him he was ruined, and was going to disinherit him for not betraying his School-fellows. I must own, I am not fond of thus drubbing our Youth into Treachery, and am much more pleased with the Request of *Ulysses* when he went to *Troy*, who begged of those who were to have the Charge of *Telemachus*, that they would above all Things teach him to be just, sincere, faithful, and to keep a Secret.

Every Man's Experience must have furnished him with Instances of Confidants who are not to be relied

on, and Friends who are not to be trusted ; but few perhaps have thought it a Character so well worth their Attention, as to have marked out the different Degrees into which it may be divided, and the different Methods by which Secrets are communicated.

*Ned Trusty* is a Tell-tale of a very singular Kind. Having some Sense of his Duty, he hesitates a little at the Breach of it. If he engages never to utter a Syllable, he most punctually performs his Promise ; but then he has the Knack of insinuating by a Nod and a Shrug well-timed, or a seasonable Leer, as much as others can convey in express Terms. It is difficult, in short, to determine, whether he is more to be admired for his Resolution in not mentioning, or his Ingenuity in disclosing a Secret. He is also excellent at a *doubtful Phrase*, as *Hamlet* calls it, or an *ambiguous Giving-out*, and his Conversation consists chiefly of such broken Innuendos,

*As, well, I know—or, I could—an if I would—  
Or, if I list to speak—or, there be, and if there might,  
&c.*

Here he generally stops, and leaves it to his Hearers to draw proper Inferences from these piece-meal Premises. With due Encouragement however he may be prevailed on to slip the Padlock from his Lips, and immediately overwhelms you with a Torrent of secret History, which rushes forth with more Violence for having been so long confined.

Poor *Meanwell*, though he never fails to transgress, is rather to be pitied than condemned. To trust him with a Secret, is to spoil his Appetite, to break his Rest, and to deprive him for a Time of every earthly Enjoyment. Like a Man who travels with his whole Fortune in his Pocket, he is terrified if you approach him, and immediately suspects that you come with a felonious Intent to rob him of his Charge. If he ventures abroad, it is to walk in some unfrequented Place, where he is least in Danger of an Attack. At home, he shuts himself up from his Family, paces it to and fro in his Chamber, and has no Relief but from muttering over to himself, what he longs to publish to the  
World ;

World; and would gladly submit to the Office of Town Cryer, for the Liberty of proclaiming it in the Market-place. At length however, weary of his Burthen, and resolved to bear it no longer, he consigns it to the Custody of the first Friend he meets, and returns to his Wife with a cheerful Aspect, and wonderfully altered for the better.

*Careless* is perhaps equally undesigning, though not equally excusable. Intrust him with an Affair of the utmost Importance, on the Concealment of which your Fortune and Happiness depend: He hears you with a Kind of Half-attention; whistles a Favourite Air, and accompanies it with the Drumming of his Fingers upon the Table. As soon as your Narration is ended, or perhaps in the Middle of it, he asks your Opinion of his Sword-knot, damns his Taylor for having dressed him in a Snuff-coloured Coat instead of a Pompadour, and leaves you in haste to attend an Auction; where, as if he meant to dispose of his Intelligence to the best Bidder, he divulges it with a Voice as loud as the Auctioneer's; and when you tax him with having played you false, he is heartily sorry for it, but never knew that it was to be a Secret.

To these I might add the Character of the Open and Unreserved, who thinks it a Breach of Friendship to conceal any Thing from his Intimates; and the Impertinent, who having by Dint of Observation made himself Master of your Secret, imagines he may lawfully publish the Knowledge it has cost him so much Labour to obtain, and considers that Privilege as the Reward due to his Industry. But I shall leave these, with many other Characters, which my Reader's own Experience may suggest to him, and conclude with prescribing, as a short Remedy for this Vice—That no Man may betray the Counsel of his Friend, let every Man keep his own.

*I am, &c.*

PART

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*I am, &c.*

PART




## P A R T III.

## On LOVE and MARRIAGE.

## L E T T E R I.

*From a Gentleman to his Father, to inform him of his being in Love.*

*Honoured Sir,*


 UTY and Gratitude enjoin me to request your Advice, in an Affair the most important in the whole Series of human Life. Miss *Collins*, a Lady who is very intimate with Miss *Smith*, has made a very deep Impression on my Heart: The Sweetness of her Behaviour, the Gentleness of her Manners, her good Sense, and the Beauties of her Person, render her worthy of my *Admiration*, and suffer me to add, *of my Love*. Of this, at least, I am fully convinced, and am persuaded that you, Sir, my best Friend, will as soon as possible make yourself a Judge of her Merit; and if your Opinion agrees with mine, make the Proposal to her Father. You know I have three Months to serve, before my Apprenticeship will be expired; for which Reason, but chiefly because I have wanted your Approbation, I have not given the Lady the least Intimation of my Passion. I need not, Sir, by any Arguments endeavour to bespeak your Candour, your Indulgence, your Affection. I know it all: I rest myself on that Knowledge, and the Wisdom of your Conduct, and am,

*Dear and honoured Sir,*

*Your ever-dutiful Son.*

P. S.

P. S. Excuse my not mentioning this without giving you the Trouble of a Letter; for a foolish Diffidence of myself in an Affair on which my Happiness depends, has made me chuse to trust to my Pen, rather than my Tongue.

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## LETTER II.

*The Answer.*

*Dear Son,*

**Y**OUR late Application deserves the highest Commendation; I will therefore as freely give my Advice, as you have ingenuously requested it. But what will you think, when I tell you, that I have anticipated whatever you have asked? About a Month ago you took Occasion to mention this very Lady, when both your Mother and I were present, and though you only spoke a Word or two in her Praise; yet the Manner in which those were expressed, their being attended with a Sigh, and followed by a thoughtful Melancholy, made us both conclude that you were caught. I therefore went to her Father's, who gave me a very kind Reception, and who, being intimately acquainted with Mr. Smith, said much in your Praise, and let me know, that he should be very well pleased to have you for a Son-in-Law; but it was agreed, that neither you nor the Lady should be informed of our Designs, till you had discovered your Passion to one of us. You have therefore no Reason to be discouraged: But let me advise you still to conceal your Thoughts from the Lady, and to endeavour to obtain her Esteem and Friendship, before you put her upon considering you as her Admirer; for this you will find the most infallible Way to obtain Success. I only wish that she may make you as happy as your Mother has done me. I am, my dear Son,

*Your indulgent and affectionate Father.*

LET.

## LETTER III.

*From a young Lady to a Gentleman, on whom she had fixed her Affections.*

S I R,

**T**HE high Esteem I entertain of your Merit emboldens me thus to acquaint you with it. It is now a Year and a half since I first saw, and (must I say) loved you, and so long I have strove to forget you; but the frequent Sight of what I could not but admire, have made my Endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe to this Letter, lest it should fall into Hands that may possibly expose it; but if you, Sir, have any Curiosity or Design to know who I am, I shall be in the *Park* To-morrow exactly at Two o'Clock. I cannot but be under Apprehensions, lest you should come more out of Curiosity than Compassion; but, however, that you may have some Notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a short Description of my Person, which is tall and slender, my Eyes and Hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that my Person altogether is what the flattering World calls tolerable; and, as to my Fortune, I believe you will have no Reason to find Fault with it. I doubt you will think such a Declaration as this from a Woman, ridiculous; but you will consider, that it is Custom, and not Nature, that makes it so. I am, Sir,

*Your most humble Servant.*

## LETTER IV.

*On the Gentleman's treating her with Contempt and Ridicule.*

S I R,

**F**ROM this you may be assured, that I am not so blinded by my Esteem for you, as to be insensible of your gross Behaviour.

A Passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary Decorums, cannot be supposed to grow  
calm



calm at once; but I hope, I shall undergo no severer Trials or Censures, than what I have done, by taking this Opportunity of discharging the Remains of a Tenderness, which I have so unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your Unkindness and Want of Generosity in exposing my Letter, because the Man that is so unworthy of a Woman's Love, is too inconsiderable for her Resentment; but I cannot forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my Letter, and so cruelly to sport with the Misery of a Person, whom you know nothing worse of, than that she had entertained too good an Opinion of you?

For your own Sake, I am loth to speak it, such Conduct cannot be accounted for, but from Cruelty of Mind, a Vanity of Temper, and an incurable Defect of Understanding; but whatsoever be the Reason, amidst all my Disappointments, I cannot but think myself happy in not subscribing my Name; for you might perhaps have thought my Name a fine Trophy to grace your Triumph after the Conquest; and how great my Confusion must have been, to be exposed to the Scorn, or at least to the Pity, of the World, I may guess from the Mortifications I now feel, from seeing my Declarations and Professions returned without Success, and in being convinced by the rash Experiment I have made, that my Affections have been placed without Discretion. How ungenerous your Behaviour hath been, I had rather you were told by the Gentlemen, (who, I hear, universally condemn it) than force myself to say any Thing severe; but although their kind Sense of the Affair must yield me some Satisfaction under my present Uneasiness, yet it furnishes me with a fresh Evidence of my own Weakness, in lavishing my Esteem upon the Person that least deserved it.

I hope the Event will give me Reason, not only to forgive, but to thank you for this ill Usage. That Face, which I have so often viewed with a mistaken Admiration, I believe, I shall be able to look on with an absolute Indifference; and Time, I am sensible, will abundantly convince me, that your Features are all the poor Amends which Nature hath made you for  
your

your Want of Understanding, and teach me to consider them only as a decent Cover for the Emptiness and Deformity within. To cut off all Hopes of your Discovery who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken Care to convey this by a different Hand from the former Letter, for which I am obliged to a Friend, on whose Goodness and Fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last Request, that you would make this Letter as public as you have done the former; if you do not, there are other Copies ready to be dispersed; for tho' I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am very sure of making it plain to every one else, that you are a Coxcomb. Adieu.

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LETTER V.

*From a young Man in Business to a Gentleman, desiring  
Leave to wait on his Daughter.*

SIR,

**A**S my Intentions are founded on the strictest Honour, I hesitate not to acquaint you of the Affection and Esteem I have for your Daughter. I would not, Sir, offer at any indirect Address, that should have the least Appearance of Inconsistency with her Duty to you, and my honourable Views to her; choosing, by your Influence, if I may approve myself to you worthy of that Honour, to commend myself to her Approbation. You are not insensible, Sir, by the Credit I have hitherto preserved in the World, of my Ability, by God's Blessing, to make her happy; and this the rather emboldens me to request the Favour of an Evening's Conversation with you, at your first Convenience, when I will more fully explain myself, as I earnestly hope, to your Satisfaction, and take my Encouragement, or Discouragement, from your own Mouth. I am, Sir, in the mean Time, with great Respect,

*Your most obedient humble Servant.*

LET-

## LETTER VI.

*A concise Declaration of Love.*

MADAM,

PASSION has at length extorted from me that which I have hitherto taken a great deal of Pains to conceal. I am sorry for your Sake that I can dissemble no longer, and that I find myself reduced to the Necessity of telling you a Piece of News, which perhaps may displease you; but, in short, I should never forgive myself if I did not acquaint you with it, and my Conscience will admit of no other Ease. It is now full four Weeks that I have been in Love you: Nay, you may take it as you please, you may be angry, I chide your Maid, or tear your Fan; for my Part, I have eased my Conscience, that is enough for me. You must know it had entered into my Head, that nothing could be more unjust, than to see a Person so amiable as yourself, without loving her. Love is the Tribute due to Beauty, and he that sees Beauty without Love, defrauds the Fair one of her Revenue; for my Part, I could not sleep whilst my Conscience was loaded with so great a Crime; but now I find unspeakable Relief in declaring myself your Lover, and, with the profoundest Respect,

*Your Slave at Command.*

## LETTER VII.

*To the same Purport with the Former.*

MADAM,

IF this Liberty be deemed criminal, the Cause is rather imputable to your fair self, than your devoted Servant. I confess, it was in my Power to have forborn writing, but I am satisfied I could never have seen you, but the Language of my Looks would have disclosed the Secret; and to what Purpose is it to pretend to conceal a Flame that will discover itself by its own Light?

Light? In my Opinion, there is more Confession in disorder'd Actions, frequent Sighs, or a complaining Countenance, than in all the artful Expressions the Tongue can utter. I have been struggling with myself these three Months to discover a Thing, which I now must do in three Words, and that is, that *I adore you*; and I am sure, if you will be just to yourself, you cannot be so unjust to me, as to question the Reality of this Discovery; for it is impossible for you to be ignorant of the Charms you possess; no Body can be rich, and yet unacquainted with their Stores. And therefore, since it is certain, you have every Thing wonderfully engaging, you must not take it ill, that my Taste is as curious as another's; I should do an Injury to my own Judgment if it were not. I am not, Madam, so vain as to believe, that any Thing I can act or utter should ever persuade you to retain the least kind Regard, in Recompence of the Pain I suffer; I only beg Leave and Liberty to complain: They that are hurt in Service, are permitted to show their Wounds, and the more gallant the Conqueror, the more generous is his Compassion. I ventured last Night to falter out my Misfortune, it was almost dark, and I attempted it with greater Boldness; nay, you yourself, cruel and charming as you are, must needs take Notice of my Disorder. Your Sentences were short and reproofing; your Answers cold; and your Manner, contrary to your usual and peculiar Sweetness, was severe and forbidding; yet in spite of all the Awe and chill Aspect you put on, you must always appear most adorable to,

M A D A M,

*Your most lost and*

*unfortunate humble Servant.*

L E T-



## LETTER VIII.

*From a Gentleman to an Acquaintance, on a very interesting Circumstance.*

S I R,

**I**F you ever entertained a sincere, generous, disinterested Friendship, the following Relation will certainly raise in your Breast the warmest Emotions. I had once a Friend; he was the only Son of a Country-Gentleman, who, though he found all the Neighbourhood fond of him, and heard every Body full of his Praise, as a Youth of uncommon Understanding, of distinguished Learning, and a valuable Heart, yet he never admitted him to the Rank of a Companion, never honoured him with a Moment's Conversation; but issued his Commands to him, which were generally unreasonable enough, with the same Brow of sullen Severity, the same harsh Tone of Voice, in which he snarled at a Dog that offended him. The Youth's Obedience was perfect, but it was not always that he could understand the Orders he received: If he mistook them, a Blow was the Return; if he understood as perfectly as he obeyed them, he was to suppose the old Gentleman was satisfied by his Silence; for he never was honoured with a higher Mark of Approbation. This Behaviour to a Man of three and Twenty, and the Heir to a very considerable Fortune, was what only my worthy Friend could have borne; but he endured it without Reply or Murmuring. Every Body who visited him in the Family saw it; and if they loved him for supporting it, they adored him for not complaining of it. A neighbouring Man of Fortune, with whom he dined one Day, took him into the Garden in the Afternoon, and spoke his Sentiments on the Subject: "So good a Son, (continued he) I am convinced, must make an excellent Husband: My Daughter, if you approve her, is at your Service, and I shall think myself highly honoured, as well as happy, in the Alliance."

The

The Youth expressed his Gratitude and Compliance in very endearing Terms: The Father would have carried him immediately to the Lady; but he prudently declined entering into any Advances towards a Treaty in which he could not engage without the Compliance of his Father. "I am most sensible, Sir," (said he) of the Honour and Advantage of this Match; but shall I, in return for such Generosity, involve your Daughter in Difficulties, of which, perhaps, it may never be in my Power to get the better?" The Parent could not but applaud him very highly; he took his Leave without seeing the Lady after this Conversation: He proposed the Alliance to his Father; but though it was an advantageous one in Point of Fortune, and what the old Gentleman must have liked extremely, if he had thought of it himself, all the Reply the Son received was the being knocked down at his Feet, for daring to think of marrying before he spoke of it. All possible Endeavours were used on the Part of the Lady's Relations to bring on the Match, but in vain. The Father, though he owned the Fortune greater than he could expect, and the Lady's Character unexceptionable, would never listen to any Overtures, because the Son had dared to think of it without his Advice.

The Period of my worthy, generous, virtuous Friend's Slavery, was continued two Years after this, with additional Rigour: He had, soon after the absolute Refusal of the first Offer, met with a Lady of great Merit, and of considerable Expectations, in the Hands of a Father of much more Humanity than his own: He loved her; he raised a mutual Passion in her Breast; he obtained her Promise of marrying him; but he never dared to open his Lips on the Subject, either to his own Father, or to her's.

Four Months since he married her, and immediately afterwards brought her to Town. He applied to her Father for his Pardon; and intreated some small Portion of her future Fortune might be settled upon her: The Answer was, that she should not have married without his Consent; but that, as the Families were acquainted, and his Expectations were equal to what

his

his Daughter might expect, he should overlook the Disobedience; and, as it was over and irrecoverable, would settle on her in Proportion to whatever his Father would do for him. The Husband, with great Joy, wrote now to his Father. He received for Answer, that he had disinherited him, and would never look on him again. A thousand Intreaties could make no Change in his Resolution; and the Father of the Lady, thinking himself sufficiently excused to the World by the Offer he had made, refused to do any Thing for them under any other Conditions.

The Event has been dreadful: Yet I scarce know how to blame my unhappy Friend, even for the greatest of all Crimes. He visited his Father a few Weeks since: What passed between them, that guilty Wretch can only tell. The Youth was found in the Morning dead in his Bed, with a Pistol by his Pillow; and his distracted Widow is following him. I have no Motive for writing this, but that it is true: Say you what you think ought to be said of such Conduct, and such Consequences of it.

*I am, Sir, &c.*

## LETTER IX.

*From a Lover to a Lady who disapproves of his Addresses.*

MADAM,

**I**F my sanguine Wishes, and most ardent Desire for your Welfare, could have any Effect, your Happiness must be consummate. To have my Thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant Fear of every Accident to which human Life is liable, and to send up my hourly Prayers to avert them from you; I say, Madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for her who is in Pain at my Approach, and calls all my tender Sorrow Impertinence. You are now before my Eyes; my Eyes that are ready to flow with Tenderness, but cannot give Relief to my gushing Heart,

Heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all its Achings. How art thou, Oh my Soul, stolen from thyself! How is all thy Attention broken! My Books are blank Paper, and my Friends Intruders! I have no Hope of Quiet but from your Pity. To grant it, would make more for your Triumph; to give Pain is the Tyranny, to make happy the true Empire of Beauty. If you would consider aright, you would find an agreeable Change in dismissing the Attendance of a Slave, to receive the Compliance of a Companion. I bear the former in Hopes of the latter Condition. As I live in Chains without murmuring at the Power which inflicts them, so I could enjoy Freedom without forgetting the Mercy that gave it. Madam, I am

*Your most devoted,*

*Most obedient Servant.*

## LETTER X.

*From a Gentleman desiring an Aunt's Interposition in his Favour.*

MADAM,

**I** Long have conceived the most ardent Affection for your Niece; and have frequently resolved to communicate my Sentiments. But just as I have been about to speak, my Fears have vanquished my Hopes, and I have been obliged to suspend my Purpose. I have thrown out several Hints, that I thought would have led the Way to a fuller disclosing of the Secret that is too big for my Breast; and yet, when I am near her, it is too important for Utterance. Will you be so good, Madam, to break Way for me, if I am not wholly disapproved of by you; and prepare her dear Mind for a Declaration that I must make, and yet know not how to begin? My Fortune and Expectations make me hope, that I may not on those Accounts be deemed unworthy: And could I, 'by half a Line from your Hand, hope that there is no other Bar, I should



I should be enabled to build on so desirable a Foundation, and to let your Niece know, how much my Happiness depends upon her Favour. Excuse, dear Madam, I beseech you, this Trouble, and this presumptuous Request, from

*Your obliged and obedient Servant.*

## LETTER XI.

*The Aunt's Reply.*

S I R,

**T**HE Manner of your Application has greatly engaged me in your Interest. My Niece is a Person of Prudence, and all her Friends are so thoroughly convinced of it, that her Choice will have the Weight it deserves with us all: So I cannot say, what will be the Event of your Declaration to her. Yet, so far as I may take upon myself to do, I will not deny your Request; but on her Return to me To-morrow will break the Ice, as you desire, not doubting your Honour, and the Sincerity of your Professions; and I shall tell her moreover, what I think of the Advances you make. I believe she has had the Prudence to keep her Heart entirely disengaged, because she would otherwise have told me: And she is not so mean-spirited, as to be able to return Tyranny and Insult for true Value, when she is properly convinced of it. Whoever has the Happiness (permit me, though her Relation, to call it so) to meet with her Favour, will find this her Character; and that it is not owing to the fond Partiality of, Sir,

*Your Friend and Servant,*

LYDIA BENNET.

## LETTER XII.

*A humorous Declaration of Love.*

MADAM,

**T**HIS may serve to inform you, that you have added to your Conquests another Captive; for you, Madam, either find or make Subjects wherever you go. It is impossible to see you, without surrendering one's Heart to you; and he that hears you talk, and can still preserve his Liberty, may, for ought I know, revive the Miracle of the three Children in *Daniel*, and call for a camblet Cloak to keep him warm in the Midst of a fiery Furnace. But really, Madam, I am none of those Miracle-mongers; I am true Flesh and Blood, like the rest of my Sex; and, as I make no Scruple to own my Passion to you, so you, Madam, without incurring the Danger of being questioned by the Parliament, may pretend to all the Rights and Privileges of a Conqueror. My Comfort is, that all Mankind, sooner or later, must wear your Chains; for you have Beauty enough to engage the nicest Heart, though you had no Wit to set it off: And you have so plentiful a Share of the last, that were you wholly destitute of the former, as I have already found, to my Cost, you have but too much, you could not fail of charming the most Insensible. For my own Part, I confess myself an Admirer, or, if you please, an Adorer of your Beauty: But I am a Slave, a meer downright effectual Slave to your Wit. Your very Conversation is infinitely more delicious than the Fruition of any other Woman.

Thus, my charming Sovereign, I here profess myself your devoted Vassal and Subject. I promise you eternal Duty and Allegiance: It is neither in my Power nor Will to depose you; and I am sure it is not in your Nature to affect arbitrary Sway. Though, if you do, Madam, God knows, I am a true Church-of-England-man; I shall never rebel against you in Act or Thought, but only have Recourse to Prayers and Tears, and still stick to my passive Obedience. Perhaps, Madam, you will tell me, I have talked more than

than comes to my Share ; but, being *incognito*, I assume the Liberty of a Masquerader, and, under that Protection, think myself safe. But, alas, did you know how I languish for you, I dare swear, my charming *Sylvia* ! you would bestow some Pity upon

AMYNTAS.

## LETTER XIII.

*From a rational Lover to his Mistress.*

*Dear Madam,*

I Have long most earnestly desired to inform you, that I entertain for you a most sincere Esteem. I can no longer struggle with a Secret that has given me so much Torture to keep, and yet hitherto more, when I have endeavoured to reveal it. I never entertain the Hope to see you without Rapture ; but when I have that Pleasure, instead of being animated as I ought, I am utterly confounded. What can this be owing to, but a Diffidence in myself, and an exalted Opinion of your Worthiness ? And is not this one strong Token of ardent Love ? Yet if it be, how various is the tormenting Passion in its Operations ? Since some it inspires with Courage, while others it deprives of all necessary Confidence. I can only assure you, Madam, that the Heart of Man never conceived a stronger or sincerer Passion than mine for you. If my Reverence for you is my Crime, I am sure it has been my sufficient Punishment. I need not say my Designs and Motives are honourable. Who dare approach so much virtuous Excellence with a Supposition, that such an Assurance is necessary ? What my Fortune is, is well known ; and I am ready to stand the Test of the strictest Inquiry. Condescend, Madam, to embolden my respectful Passion, by one favourable Line ; that if what I here profess, and hope further to have an Opportunity to assure you of, be found to be unquestionably Truth, then my humble Address will not be quite

unacceptable to you; and thus you will for ever oblige,  
dear Madam,

*Your affectionate Admirer,*

*And devoted Servant.*

## LETTER XIV.

*The Lady's sensible Reply.*

S I R,

**M**ODESTY and Diffidence are no less laudable in your Sex, than in ours. For my own Part, I must think it the most amiable Quality either Man or Woman can possess. Nor can there be, in my Opinion, a true Respect, where there is not a Diffidence of one's own Merit, and an high Opinion of the Person's we esteem.

To say more, on this Occasion, would little become me: To say less, would look as if I knew not how to pay that Regard to modest Merit, which modest Merit only deserves.

You, Sir, best know your own Heart; and if you are sincere and generous, you will receive, as you ought, this Frankness from

*Your humble Servant,*

## LETTER XV.

*A Lady's Reply to a Gentleman, who professes Aversion to the tedious Forms of Courtship.*

S I R,

**I** Have no less Aversion to the modern Forms of Courtship, than yourself; and retain as high a Veneration for plain and upright Dealing; but methinks common Decency should always be preserved.

There is something so peculiar and whimsical in your Manner of Expression, that I am absolutely at a Loss to determine whether you are really serious, or only write for your own Amusement. When you explain  
yourself



yourself in more intelligible Terms, I shall be better able to form a Judgment of your Passion, and more capable of returning you a proper Answer. What Influence your future Addressee may have over me I cannot say; but to be free with you, your first Attempt has made no Impression on the Heart of

MIRA.

## LETTER XVI.

*On the Gentleman's more explicitly averring his Passion.*

SIR,

AS we are neither of us fond of protracting Love Affairs, permit me to inform you, in direct Terms, that the Disposal of my Person is not altogether in my own Power; and that notwithstanding my Father and Mother are both deceased, yet I transact no single Affair, of any Moment, without consulting Sir Orlando Wiseman of *Lincoln's Inn*, who is my Counsel upon all Occasions; and is a Gentleman, as I conceive, of the strictest Honour and Honesty, and one on whose Judgment I can safely rely. I'll be so fair and just to you, as freely to acknowledge, that I have no Objection to your Person: If therefore you think proper to wait on him with your Proposals, and I find that he approves them, I shall act without any mental Reservation, and be very apt to encourage a Passion, that I imagine to be both honourable and sincere. I am, Sir,

*your humble Servant.*

## LETTER XVII.

*From a young Lady to her Father, expostulating against a Match proposed.*

Honoured Sir,

MY Sense of Duty has long taught me, that your Injunctions should with me have the Force of a Law. Besides, I should be very ungrateful, should I

presume, in any Point whatever, considering your numberless Acts of parental Indulgence towards me, to contest your Will and Pleasure. Though the Consequence thereof should prove never so fatal, I am determined to be all Obedience, in Case what I have to offer in my own Defence should have no Influence over you, or be thought an insufficient Plea for my Aversion to a Match, which, unhappily for me, you seem to approve of. 'Tis very possible, Sir, the Gentleman you recommended to my Choice, may be possessed of all that Substance, and all those good Qualities, that bias you so strongly in his Favour; but be not angry, dear Sir, when I remind you, that there is a vast Disproportion in our Years. A Lady, of more Experience, and of a more advanced Age, would, in my humble Opinion, be a much fitter Help-mate for him. To be ingenuous, (permit me, good Sir, to speak the Sentiments of my Heart without Reserve for once) a Man, almost in his grand Climacteric, can never be an agreeable Companion for me; nor can the natural Gaiety of my Temper, which has hitherto been indulged by yourself in every innocent Amusement, be over-agreeable to him. Though his Fondness at first may connive at the little Freedoms I shall be apt to take; yet as soon as the Edge of his Appetite shall be abated, he'll grow jealous, and for ever torment me without a Cause. I shall be debarred of every Diversion suitable to my Years, though never so harmless and inoffensive; permitted to see no Company; hurried down perhaps to some melancholy rural Recess; and there, like my Lady Grace in the Play, sit pensive and alone, under a green Tree. Your long experienced Goodness, and that tender Regard, which you have always expressed for my Ease and Satisfaction, encourage me thus freely to expostulate with you on an Affair of so great Importance. If, however, after all, you shall judge the Inequality of our Age an insufficient Plea in my Favour, and that want of Affection for a Husband is but a Trifle, where there is a large Fortune, and a Coach and Six to throw into the Scale; if, in short, you shall lay your peremptory Commands upon me, to resign up all my real Happiness and Peace  
of

of Mind for the Vanity of living in Pomp and Grandeur, I am ready to submit to your superior Judgment. Give me Leave, however, to observe, that 'tis impossible for me ever to love the Man into whose Arms I am to be thrown; and that my Compliance with so detested a Proposition, is nothing more than the Result of the most inviolable Duty to a Father, who never made the least Attempt before to thwart the Inclinations of,

*His ever obedient Daughter.*

## LETTER XVIII.

*From a young Lady to a Gentleman, whose Addressee she was compelled by her Parents to receive.*

SIR,

**H**ONOUR and Honesty constrain me to assure you, that tho' the Day of our Marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving you. You may have observed, in the long Conversation we have had at those Times that we were left to together, that some Secret hung upon my Mind. I was obliged to an ambiguous Behaviour, and durst not reveal myself further, because my Mother, from a Closet near the Place where we sat, could both hear and see our Conversation. I have strict Commands from both my Parents to receive you, and am undone for ever, except you will be so kind and generous as to refuse me. Consider, Sir, the Misery of bestowing yourself upon one who can have no Prospect of Happiness but from your Death. This is a Confession made perhaps with an offensive Sincerity; but that Conduct is much to be preferred to a secret Dislike, which could not but pall all the Sweetness of Life, by imposing on you a Companion that doats on and languishes for another. I will not go so far as to say my Passion for the Gentleman, whose Wife I am by Promise, would lead me to any Thing criminal against your Honour. I know it is dreadful enough to a Man of your Sense to expect nothing but forced Civilities in Return for tender Endearments, and cold Esteem for undeserved

Love. If you will on this Occasion let reason take Place of Passion, I doubt not but Fate has in Store for you some worthier Object of your Affection, in Recompence of your Goodness to the only Woman that could be insensible of your Merit. I am, Sir,

*your most humble Servant,*

M. H.

## LETTER XIX.

*From a facetious young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing her serious Lover.*

*Dear Aunt,*

**T**HOUGH I acknowledge your Kindness in recommending Mr. *Formality* to me for a Husband; I must be so free to tell you, he is a Man no Ways suited to my Inclination. I despise, 'tis true, the idle Rants of Romance; but I am inclinable to think there may be an Extreme on the other Side of the Question.

The first Time the honest Man came to see me, in the Way you was pleased to put into his Head, was one *Sunday* after Sermon Time. He began with telling me, what I found at my Fingers Ends, that it was very cold; and politely blowed upon his. I immediately perceived that his Passion for me could not keep him warm; and in Complaisance to your Recommendation, conducted him to the Fire-Side. After he had pretty well rubbed Heat into his Hands, he stood up with his Back to the Fire, and, with his Hands behind him, held up his Coat, that he might be warm all over; and looking about him, asked, with the Tranquility of a Man a Twelvemonth married, and just come off a Journey, how all Friends did in the Country? I said, I hoped very well; but would be glad to warm my Fingers. Cry Mercy, Madam!— And then he shuffled a little further from the Fire; and after two or three Hems, and a long Pause—

I have heard, said he, a most excellent Sermon just now: Dr. *Thomas* is a fine Man truly: Did you ever hear



hear him, Madam? No, Sir, I generally go to my own Parish-church. That's right, Madam, to be sure: What was your Subject To-day? The Pharisee and the Publican, Sir. A very good one truly: Dr. *Thomas* would have made fine Work upon that Subject. His Text To-day, was Evil Communications corrupt good Manners. A good Subject, Sir, I doubt not but the Doctor made a fine Discourse upon it. O, ay, Madam, he can't make a bad one upon any Subject. I rung for the Tea-kettle; for, thought I, we shall have all the Heads of the Sermon immediately.

At Tea he gave me an Account of all the religious Societies, unasked; and how many Boys they had put out 'Prentices, and Girls they had taught to knit, and sing Psalms. To all which I gave a Nod of Approbation, and was just able to say, (for I began to be most horribly in the Vapours) it was a very excellent Charity. O, ay, Madam, said he again, (for that's his Word I find) a very excellent one truly; it is snatching so many Brands out of the Fire. You are a Contributor, Sir, I doubt not. O, ay, Madam, to be sure, every good Man would contribute to such a worthy Charity, to be sure. No doubt, Sir, a Blessing attends upon all who promote so worthy a Design. O, ay, Madam, no Doubt, as you say: I am sure I have found it; blessed be God! And then he twanged his Nose, and lifted up his Eyes, as if in an Ejaculation.

O, my good Aunt, what a Man is here for a Husband! At last came the happy Moment of his taking Leave; for I would not ask him to stay Supper: And, moreover, he talked of going to a Lecture at St. Helen's. And then (though I had no Opportunity of saying little more than Yes, and No, all the Time; for he took the Vapours he had put me into for Devotion, or Gravity; at least, I believe so) he pressed my Hand, looked frightfully kind, and gave me to understand, as a Mark of his Favour, that if, upon further Conversation, and Enquiry into my Character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my Behaviour and Person, why, truly, I need not fear in Time, being blessed with him for my Husband!

This, my good Aunt, may be a mighty safe Way of travelling towards the Land of Matrimony, as far as I know, but I cannot help wishing for a little more Entertainment on our Journey. I am willing to believe Mr. *Formality* an honest Man; but am, at the same Time, afraid his religious Turn of Temper, however in itself commendable, would better suit with a Woman who centers all Desert in a solemn Appearance, than with dear Aunt,

*Your greatly obliged Kinswoman.*

## LETTER XX.

*The Aunt's Reply, reproving her ludicrous Disposition.*

*Cousin Polly,*

**Y**OUR Aversion to Mr. *Formality* gives me much Concern. He is a serious, sober, good Man: And surely when Seriousness and Sobriety make a necessary Part of the Duty of a good Husband, a good Father, and a good Master of a Family, those Characters should not be the Subject of Ridicule, in Persons of our Sex especially, who would reap the greatest Advantages from them. But he talks of the Weather when he first sees you, it seems; and would you have had him directly fall upon the Subject of Love the Moment he beheld you?

He visited you just after the Sermon on a Sunday; and was it so unsuitable for him to let you see, that the Duty of the Day had made proper Impressions upon him?

His Turn for promoting the religious Societies, which you speak so slightly of, deserves more Regard from every good Person; for that same Turn is a Kind of Security to a Woman, that he who had a benevolent and religious Heart, could not make a bad Man, or a bad Husband. To put out poor Boys to 'Prentice, to teach Girls to sing Psalms, would be with very few a Subject for Ridicule; for he that was so willing to provide

provide for the Children of others, would take still greater Care of his own.

He gave you to understand, that if he liked your Character on Enquiry, as well as your Person and Behaviour, he should think himself very happy in such a Wife, for that, I dare say, was more like his Language, than what you put in his Mouth : And, let me tell you, it would have been a much stranger Speech, had so cautious and serious a Man said, without a thorough Knowledge of your Character, that at the first Sight he was over Head and Ears in Love with you.

I think, allowing for the ridiculous Turn your airy Wit gives to this his first Visit, that, by your own Account, he acted like a prudent, serious, and worthy Man, as he is, and like one who thought flashy Compliments beneath him, in so serious an Affair as this.

I think, Cousin *Polly*, this is not only a mighty safe Way, as you call it, of travelling towards the Land of Matrimony, but to the Land of Happiness, with Respect as well to the next World as this. And it is to be hoped, that the better Entertainment you so much wish for on your Journey, may not lead you too much out of your Way, and divert your Mind from the principal View which you ought to have at your Journey's End.

In short, I could rather have wished that you could bring your Mind nearer to his Standard, than that he should bring down his to your Level. And you would have found more Satisfaction in it than you imagine, could you have brought yourself to a little more of that solemn Appearance, which you treat so lightly, and which, I think, in him is much more than meer Appearance.

Upon the Whole, Cousin *Polly*, I am sorry, that a Woman of Virtue and Morals, as you are, should treat so ludicrously a serious and pious Frame of Mind, in an Age wherein good Examples are so rare, and so much wanted ; though, at the same Time, I am far from offering to prescribe to you in so arduous an Affair as a Husband ; and wish you and Mr. *Formality* too, since you are so differently disposed, matched more suitable

to each other's Mind, than you are likely to be together : For I am

*Your truly affectionate Aunt.*

## LETTER XXI.

*Humorous Love Letters from an eminent Wit, to —  
MADAM,*

**I**F I han't begun thrice to write, and as often thrown away my Pen, may I never take it up again ; my Head and my Heart have been at Cuffs about you these two long Hours.——Says my Head, You're a Coxcomb for troubling your Noddle with a Lady, whose Beauty is as much above your Pretensions, as your Merit is below her Love. Then answers my Heart, good Mr. Head, you're a Blockhead ; I know Mr. *F——r's* Merit better than you ; as for your Part, I know you to be as whimsical as the Devil, and changing with every new Notion that offers : But for my Share, I am fixt, and can stick to my Opinion of a Lady's Merit for ever ; and if the Fair she can secure an Interest in me, Monsieur Head you may go whistle. Come, come, (answered my Head, you, Mr. Heart, are always leading this Gentleman into some Inconvenience or other ; was it not you that first enticed him to talk to this Lady ? Your damn'd confounded Warmth made him like this Lady, and your busy Impertinence has made him write to her, and your Leaping and Skipping disturbs his Sleep by Night, and his good Humour by Day : In short, Sir, I will hear no more on't : I am Head, and will be obeyed. —— You lie, Sir, replied my Heart, (being very angry) I am Head in Matters of Love, and if you don't give your Consent, you shall be forced ; for I am sure, that in this Case all the Members will be on my Side. What say you, Gentlemen Hands ? Oh ! (say the Hands) we could not forego the tickling Pleasure of touching a delicious white soft Skin for the World.——Well, what say you, Mr. Tongue ? Zounds, says the Linguist, there is more Extacy in speaking three soft Words of Mr. Heart's suggesting, than the whole Orations of Seignior Head's ; so I am  
for



for the Lady; and here's my honest Neighbour *Lips* will stick to't. By the sweet Power of Kisses that we will, (reply'd the Lips) and presently some other worthy Members standing up for the Heart, they laid violent Hands (*nemine contradicente*) upon poor Head, and knock'd out his Brains. So now, Madam, behold me as perfect a Lover as any in Christendom, my Heart purely dictating every Word I say; the little Rebel throws itself into your Power, and if you don't support it in the Cause it has taken up for your Sake, think what will be the Condition of the Headless and Heartless.

## LETTER XXII.

From the Same to ———

Friday Night, 11 'Clock.

**I**F you find no more Rest from your Thoughts in Bed than I do, I could wish you, Madam, to be always there, for there I am most in Love. I went to the Play this Evening, the Music rais'd my Soul to such a Pitch of Passion, that I was almost mad with Melancholy. I flew thence to *Spring-Garden*, where with envious Eyes I saw every Man pick up his Maté, whilst I alone walked like solitary *Adam* before the Creation of his *Eve*; but the Place was no Paradise to me; nothing I found entertaining but the Nightingale, which methought in sweet Notes, like your own, pronounced the Name of my dear *Penelope* ——. As the Fool thinketh, the Bell clinketh. From hence I retired to the Tavern, where methought the shining Glass represented your fair Person, and the sparkling Wine within it, looked like your lively Wit and Spirit: I met my dear Mistress in every Thing, and I propose presently to see her in a lively Dream, since the last Thing I do is to kiss her dear dear Letter; clasp her charming Idea in my Arms, and so fall fast asleep.

*My Morning Songs, my Evening Prayers,  
My daily Musings, nightly Cares.*

Adieu.

LETTER

## LETTER XXIII.

*From the Same to ———*

**H**ERE am I drinking, Madam, at the Sign of the *Globe*; and it shall go hard but I make the Voyage of old *Fir Francis Drake* by To-morrow Morning: We have a fresh Gale, and a round Sea; for here is very good Company and excellent Wine: From the Orb in the Sign, I will step to the Globe of the Moon, thence make the Tour of all the Planets, and fix in the Constellation of *Venus*. You see, Madam, I am elevated already. Here's a Gentleman though, who swears he loves his Mistress better than I do mine; but if I don't make him so drunk that he shall disgorge his Opinion, may I never drink your Health again; the generous Wine scorns to lie upon a Traitor's Stomach, 'tis Poison to him that profanes Society by being a Rogue in his Cups. I wish, dear Madam, with all my Heart, that you saw me in my present Circumstances, you would certainly fall in love with me, for I am not myself; I am now the pleasantest foolish Fellow that ever gained a Lady's Heart, and a Glass or two more will fill me with such Variety of Impertinence, that I cannot fail to pass for agreeable. You, Drawer, bring me a Plate of Ice—Ha! How the Wine whizzes upon my Heart; Cupid is forging his Love-Darts in my Belly—Ice, you Dog, Ice—The Son of a Whore has brought me Anchovies. Well! This is a vexatious World. I wish I were fairly out of it, and happy in Heaven, I mean your dear Arms; which is the constant Prayer of your humble Servant, drunk or sober.

I design Mo-morrow in the Afternoon to beg your Pardon for all the ill Manners of my Debauch; and make myself as great as an Emperor, by inviting your Ladyship to the Entertainment of *Dioclesian*.

LETTER

## LETTER XXIV.

*From the Same to ———.*

**W**HY should I write to my dearest *Penelope*, when I only trouble her with reading what she won't believe? I have told my Passion, my Eyes have spoke it, my Tongue pronounced it, and my Pen declared it: I have sigh'd it, and subscribed it: Now my Heart is full of you, my Head raves of you, and my Hand writes to you, but all in vain. If you think me a Dissembler, use me generously like a Villain, and discard me for ever; but if you be so just to my Passion, as to believe it sincere, tell me so, and make me happy; 'tis but Justice, Madam, to do one or t'other.

Your Indisposition last Night, when I left you, put me into such Disorder, that not finding a Coach, I missed my Way, and never minded whither I wandered, till I found myself close by *Tyburn*. When blind Love guides, who can forbear going astray? Instead of laughing at myself, I fell to pitying poor Mr. *F——*, who, whilst he roved Abroad among your whole Sex, was never out of his Way; and now, by a single she, was led to the Gallows. From the Thoughts of hanging, I naturally entered upon those of Matrimony: I considered how many Gentlemen have taken a handsome Swing, to avoid some inward Disquiets; then why should I not hazard the Noose to ease me of my Torments? Then I considered, whether I should send for the Ordinary of *Newgate*, or the Parson of *St. Ann's*; but considering myself better prepared for dying in a fair Lady's Arms than on a three-legged Tree, I was the most inclinable to the Parish Priest: Besides, if I died in a fair Lady's Arms, I should be sure of Christian Burial at least, and should have the most beautiful Tomb in the Universe. You may imagine, Madam, that these Thoughts of Mortality were very melancholy; but who could avoid the Thoughts of Death when you were sick? And if your Health be not dearer to me than my own, may the next News I hear be your Death,

Death, which would be as great a Hell, as your Life and Welfare is a Heaven to the most amorous of his Sex.

Pray let me know in a Line, whether you are better or worse, whether I am honest or a Knave, and whether I shall live or die.

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## LETTER XXV.

*From the Same to ———.*

I Can no more let a Day pass without seeing or writing to my dear *Penelope*, than I can slip a Minute without thinking of her. I know nobody can lay a juster Claim to the Account of my Hours, than she, who has so indisputable a Title to my Service; and I can no more keep the Discovery of my Faults from you, than from my own Conscience, because you compose so great a Part of my Devotion. Let me therefore confess to my dearest Angel, how last Night I sauntered to the Fountain, where some Friends waited for me; and one of'em was a Parson, who preaches over any Thing but his Glass: Had not his Company and Sunday Night sanctify'd the Debauch, I should be very fit for Repentance this Morning; the searching Wine has sprung the Rheumatism in my right Hand, my Head aches, my Stomach pukes, I dreamed all this Morning of Fire, and waked in a Flame: To complete my Misery, I must let you know all this, and make you angry with me. I design tho' this Afternoon to repair to St. *Ann's* Prayers, to beg Absolution of my Creator and my Mistress; if both prove merciful, I'll put on the Resolution of amending my Life, to fit me for the Joys of Heaven and you.

LETTER



## LETTER XXIV.

*On Matrimony.*

MADAM,

**I**N the course of our Epistolary Correspondence, we now proceed to the Subject of Matrimony: The inconsiderate Part of Mankind think Matrimony celestial or infernal, as they see married Persons happy or miserable: But a very little Reflection would convince them of their Mistake: It is Men or Women who are heavenly minded, or diabolical. The Institution in itself is of vast Importance: Christianity cannot stand without it; nor can the common Liberty and Rights of Mankind subsist without some Contract, which shall be equally binding to both Sexes: Yet if Avarice, or Ambition, even Love unguided by Prudence, or any other Passion, are the Cause of Engagements which are not consistent, we must not lay it to the Charge of the Institution. But here also the Laws of God, and of the Land, have provided for our Security; no more is required than in all other Cases, a pious Resignation to our Condition, whilst we make up for the Deficiency of one Pleasure, by another; I mean so to cultivate Reason, as to raise our Senses of Duty, in Proportion as our Affections flag.

And which do you think is most easily reformed, a vicious Man by a virtuous Woman, or the contrary? By Vice, I mean every Defect of Mind, or Corruption of Heart: Women are generally most disposed to Piety; and when kindly treated, give the strongest Proof of native Ingenuousness; whence I conclude, that notwithstanding Man's boasted Pre-eminence, your Defects are most easily corrected: The very Superiority which we claim, renders us impatient of Controul.

Hence you may discover the indulgent Care of Providence; for even the Subjection of which Women inconsiderately complain, is generally conducive to their Happiness. Your Felicity arises chiefly from your Subjection; and it is no Paradox to say the same of  
your

your Power. "As the Climbing of a sandy Way to the Feet of the Aged, so is a Wife full of Words to a quiet Man,—But if there be Kindness, Meekness, and Comfort in her Tongue, then is not her Husband like other Men!" This conveys the strongest Sense of a Man's Happiness, whose Wife has tender Affections, good Sense, and a virtuous Mind. She who makes the Trial with Sincerity, may easily find the Meaning of the Words, and the weighty Instructions contained in them: But in our Days Men set out upon Principles which will by no Means bear an Examination: It is presumed, that very little or no Virtue is to be found, therefore Provision for those Pleasures which Money can purchase is the first Object. Either we are not taught that we owe to God and our Neighbour; religious and domestic Duties are neglected; or our Parents, mistaking external Parade for Happiness, seek after the greatest Fortunes, be the Appendages of them what they may: They teach us the very Lesson which the greatest Part of Mankind learn, in spite of all the Care which the Wife and Virtuous take to prevent it.

In the mean while, the Laws of God and Nature are invariable, and we can never beat out an artificial Happiness, whose Pleasures compensate for the Defect of Nature, though the Taste may become so depraved, as hardly to leave any Vestiges in the Mind, of the Lesson which Nature teaches. I have read many beautiful Passages on this Subject; in every Writer of Eminence one finds some, with Regard to Men as well as Women. I recollect one more which seems to be of great Force, because it is very natural: "Where no Hedge is, there the Possession is spoiled; and he that hath no Wife, will wander up and down mourning." It often happens that the unmarried are unhappy, they know not why: Whilst the capricious in Taste, inconstant in Temper, or vicious by Inclination, are reformed by Wedlock. And as we may with great Propriety say, blessed is she who converteth a Sinner to Repentance, I think we may add, cursed is he whose Carelessness or Folly induces his Wife to go astray.

Whatever

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Whatever our State or Condition may be ; how keen soever our Pursuit of Happiness ; how infinitely diversified our Opinions on which our Felicity so much depends ; and how contradictory soever our Practice may be to such Opinions, so long as we have Senses to distinguish Light from Darkness, or Bitter from Sweet ; so long as we have a Ray of Reason to distinguish Truth from Falshood, Joy from Anguish and Perturbation, we must come back to our Text.

*That to be good is to be happy,  
Angels are happier than Men, because  
They are better. Guilt is the Source of Sorrow,  
'Tis the Fiend, th' avenging Fiend,  
That follows us behind with Whips and Scourges.  
The Blest know none of this, but rest  
In everlasting Peace of Mind, and find  
The Height of all their Heaven is Goodness.*

You see, Madam, I learn my Morality from Poets as well as Divines, and have my Ears open to Instruction in a Play-house as well as in a Church : But as we cannot be quite so good, we must be content if we are not quite so happy as Angels. Let us keep in View the glorious Reward of Virtue, nor suffer our Enjoyment of a small Portion of Felicity, if a large one is not our Lot, to dishearten us in the Pursuit. The Time will very shortly come, when the seeming Inequality amongst Mankind will be settled. Farewell,  
*I am yours, &c.*

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## L E T T E R XXVII.

*From Lord Rochester to Mrs. —*

MADAM,  
**T**HIS is the first Service my Hand has done me, since my being a Cripple, and I would not employ it in a Lie so soon : Therefore, pray believe me sincere, when I assure you, that you are very dear to me ; and, as long as I live, I will be kind to you.  
P. S. This is all my Hand would write, but my Heart thinks a great deal more.

L O V E.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*To the Same.*

MADAM,

**N**OTHING can ever be so dear to me as you are; and I am so convinced of this, that I dare undertake to love you whilst I live. Believe all I say, for that is the kindest Thing imaginable; and when you can devise any Way that may make me appear so to you, instruct me in it, for I need a better Understanding than my own, to shew my Love, without Wrong to it.

## LETTER XXIX.

*From a Lady to her Friend newly married.**My dear Harriot,*

**I**F the same Harriot; but what a Change has Wedlock wrought! To be married, I find, is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Manor-House in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a sober Husband and an awkward Chambermaid. For Variety, I suppose you may entertain yourself with Madam in the Grogam Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has by this Time, I am sure, well furnished you with Receipts for making Salves and Posslets, distilling Cordial Waters, making Syrups, and applying Poultices.

Blessed Solitude! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels. After six Months Marriage to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the Lives of the  
Sylvan



Sylvan Deities, or moved among the Walks of Paradise, like the first happy Pair. But pr'ithee leave these Whimsies, and come to Town, in order to live and talk like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman: 'Tis a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a Matron; but I am so afraid you'll make so silly a Figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public Place with your Husband, and never to saunter about *St. James's Park* together. If you presume to enter the Ring at *Hyde Park* together, you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least Notice of one another at the Play-house, or Opera, unless you would be laughed at as a very loving Couple, most happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation; she is the most negligent and fashionable Wife in the World; she is hardly ever seen in the same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect Strangers. She never was heard to name him in his Absence, and takes Care he shall not be the Subject of any Discourse that she has a Share in. I hope you'll propose this Lady as a Pattern, though I am very much afraid you'll be so silly to think *Porcia*, *Sabine*, &c. *Roman Wives*, much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head to imitate those antiquated Creatures so far, as to come into Public in the Habit as well as Air of a *Roman Matron*. You make already the Entertainment at *Mrs. Modish's* Tea-Table; she says, she always thought you a discreet Person, and qualified to manage a Family with admirable Prudence. She dies to see what demure and serious Airs Wedlock has given to you; but she says, she shall never forgive your Choice of so gallant a Man as *Bellmour*, to transform him to a mere sober Husband; 'twas unpardonable: You see, my Dear, we all envy your Happiness, and no Person more than

Your humble Servant,

L Y D I A.

L E T.

LETTER XXX.

*The Reply.*

**I** AM determined to act up to my Character. As for your wild Raillery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocrisy; you and all the handsome young Women of your Acquaintance, shew themselves to no other Purpose, than to gain a Conquest over some Man of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and Fortune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confession, the Design is modest and honourable, and all your Affectation can't disguise it.

I am married, and have no other Concern but to please the Man I love; he's the End of every Care I have; if I dress, 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or a Play, 'tis to qualify myself for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste: He's almost the End of my Devotion; half my Prayers are for his Happiness. I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wish your Happiness; but am sorry to see, by the Air of your Letter, that there are a Set of Women, who are got into the Common-place Raillery of every Thing that is sober, decent, and proper. Matrimony and the Clergy, are the Topics of People of little Wit and no Understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all you tax me with: She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious Woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would make you blush, as much as if you had never been fine Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy Hours when even I am shut out, and my dear Husband is entertained only with his own Thoughts. These Things, dear Madam, will be lasting Satisfaction, when the fine Ladies, and the Combs by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous even in old Age.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

HARRIOT.

## LETTER XXXI.

*To a Relation, on asking Advice concerning Marriage with a Lady of great Beauty, but no Fortune.*

*Dear Cousin,*

THE Advice you Request, is in itself of the most critical Nature. On the one Hand you are passionately fond of a pretty young Lady; on the other, your Father sends you Word, that he will certainly disinherit you, if you marry her. To be plain with you, I do not know, what Advice to give you. There are but two Ways for you to take; the Heroic, which is to prefer your Passion to every Thing else; and the Prudent, which is, not to lose fifteen hundred Pounds a Year for a Mistress, though she was as beautiful as an Angel: Now you need only consult yourself to determine this Point. I make no Question but your Inclination leads you to act the Hero, but the Difficulty is not what you are at present, but what you may be hereafter. I would advise you to follow your Greatness of Soul, if you could be certain that it would never leave you: But the Mischief on it is, there is no relying upon it; for, perhaps, it may take its Farewel of you, even before the Honey-moon is over. In short, a Man soon grows weary of playing the Hero; but the Devil is in him that grows weary of a good Estate. You never yet saw fifteen hundred Pounds a Year make People forget their Vows, though Beauty, to its Mortification, has often seen it. I am sensible these Arguments will appear very gross to you: And that they are decried in all the metaphysic Systems of Love: Yet it vexes me, that the Experience which I have of this wicked World, will not permit me to recommend these Ideas to you, which I own to be much more noble and delicate, than those that are built upon sordid Interest. It is not my Fault, if I do not believe that Love is sufficient to make a Man happy: I should be glad to believe it with all my Heart: But why

why has Love deceived so many thousands of her Votaries before my Face, for whom he promised to provide so plentifully, that they should want nothing? If he deceives us when he has his Arms at Liberty, I have much stronger Reason to believe he'll do it when he's manacled with a Family. You may flatter yourself, perhaps, that you will find a thousand Charms, and all the obsequious Respect, that can be imagined, in the Person you are going to marry, because she owes all to the Man that sacrificed his Fortune to her. Take Care that this be not the very Rock on which your Marriage splits. As the World goes at present, a Woman's Gratitude may easily fall short of the Obligation she has received, and yet it ought not to pass for a Prodigy. I should be very loth to marry a Woman, with whom I might have as just a Pretence to quarrel, as you will have with yours. In my Opinion, that Man is an unhappy Wretch indeed, who has any Matters of Complaint, besides those which Matrimony naturally furnishes of itself. A Woman, take her in the best Circumstances you can, has but too many Obligations to her Husband, why then should you involve her deeper in your Debt? Consider, that this will make her much more your Wife than any other Woman could have been; and, consequently, render you less happy with her. Besides, you can't imagine what a cruel Punishment it will be to you, that you dare never open your Lips to complain of her, but must carry on with Honour what you began in a foolish Freak. Thus you must always seem to be charmed with her Behaviour, even at the very Time that you are angry with her in your Soul. For my Part, I make no Scruple to own to you, that I would not for all the World deprive myself of the Liberty of railing a little at my Wife, whenever I should have a Fancy that Way. Bestow a little Consideration upon these Reasons; but before you wholly determine yourself, abstain from reading Romances, and Books of that Nature, which will rather serve to feed than extinguish the Flame. Thus, Sir, I have sent you my Thoughts freely upon this Head, without persecuting you with a long Sermon, after the Manner of a choleric Father,  
or



or an ill-natured Uncle. I am not wise or morose enough to pretend to speak to you in that Language. However, I fancy I have, in a very little Compass, told you all that needs be said to you on the Occasion, by People that are more wise or morose than,

S I R,

*Your most humble,*

*and most obedient Servant, &c.*

## LETTER XXXII.

*To the Same.*

*Dear Cousin,*

YOU write indeed like a very Lover. According to the Picture which you have sent me of your Mistress, *Venus* herself would be happy if she resembled her; but what you chiefly admire in her, I mean her Wit, is the very Charm of which I should have the greatest Suspicion. Had she less than you represent, I could pardon your Attachment to her; but having so much Wit as she has, I am terribly afraid, that she is too well acquainted with her own Interest, not to see the Advantages which she may reap from your Passion. You'll always be rich, let Things happen as they will, at least in Comparison of her, who has nothing; and let me tell you, that is enough to create Love in a sensible Woman: Therefore you ought to spare no Pains to unravel her real Sentiments. Are you governed by her? Does she assume an Empire over you? Or does she make Use of her Power to incline you to marry her, and to confirm you in the generous Resolution of being disinherited? It is true, I am a Fool to ask you these Questions. When a Man is in Love like you, he may be led any where, and yet know nothing of the Matter. But cannot you shut the Eyes of your Love for a few Moments, and impartially examine the Procedure of your Mistress? Don't be charmed when she tells you, that she thinks herself unhappy in being the Occasion of this Difference between your Father and

G

you;

you; that she's unworthy of so valuable a Sacrifice; and that it would be more for your Interest to break with her, and never to see her again; for these are meer Words, and though they may be enforced with a few Tears, yet they are only Words at best: But take Notice, when she represents to you the Inconvenience of losing fifteen hundred Pounds a Year for her Sake, whether she does not avoid examining the Matter too closely; whether she does not pass slightly over it, and, at the same Time that she exhorts you to obey your Interest, whether she does not artfully insinuate some Reason to the contrary: whether she does not yield with Pleasure to the Intreaties which you make her to talk no more on that Subject; in short, whether she is not generous purely for the Sake of seeming so, and whether she does not endeavour to appear honourable to you, without running any Hazard. She is at present in such a Situation, that she cannot so much as commend a Greatness of Soul, without giving an infallible Proof, that she deceives you; and every Time she animates you in general Terms to a sincere and disinterested Affection, she plainly tells you that her own is not so. It is impossible she can love you, unless she exerts her utmost Endeavours to banish you for ever; and, in my Opinion, she can't give you a greater Testimony of her Indifference than by marrying you. I am very sorry, Cousin, to have this Occasion to caution you against a Person who is so dear to you; but, was it only a Question in Love, mere Delicacy would engage you to a careful Examination of her Conduct; but since your Fortune is likewise concerned, I think it a sufficient Reason why you should redouble the Delicacy of your Observations.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your most humble*

*and most obedient Servant, &c.*

LET-

## LETTER XXXIII.

*Advice to a Lover.*

S I R,

**M**Y Friendship for you, I hope, will atone for the Liberty I have taken to write to you on so extraordinary a Subject. You love, I am informed, and are beloved; but then your Passion is of such a Nature, as will infallibly destroy the Tenderness your Mistress has for you; insomuch that I dare venture a Wager, she will not care a Farthing for you two Months hence. You are continually with her, and never lose Sight of her a Moment; if any one comes to visit her, you soon make them sensible that you look upon them as Intruders; and for whole Days together that you are with her, you talk of nothing but Love, and that in the most languishing and passionate Manner. Once again, if she cares a Farthing for you in two Months Time, I shall cry out a Miracle. The Lady at present has Love enough to keep pace with you; but you will soon have exhausted all her Stock of Affection, and then you will be surprised to find that she has no longer any for you. We have on both Sides but a certain Portion of Tenderness which ought to be managed with Discretion, and which those who are unskilled in the Science of Love are apt to be too prodigal of. We complain of Absence, and we do no more than our Duty when we complain. Nevertheless, if Absences are not over long, they are the greatest Services in the World to Lovers. They renew an old Flame, and revive a languishing one. It is true, it would be carrying the Matter too far to procure them on Purpose; but when Chance has once thrown them in our Way, we ought to rail against them, and at the same Time to suspect that you may possibly have the greatest of Obligations to them. You are in the wrong to make such constant Use of the Liberty which you have to see your Mistress at any Hour, and for whole Days together. What you gain by this Assiduity, you will lose in the Long-run of your Amour; and find that you

have lavished in a Day, what ought to have served you a Week. It is also a Fault of the same Kind, your talking of nothing but Love to the Person you admire. Whatever Pleasure she may take in hearing the Progress of your Passion, it is impossible but you must fall into a Multitude of Repetitions; and Repetitions have a Faculty to tire, which they never lose. I dare say, that after you are gone from her, the Lady breathes with more Freedom, though she may not perceive it herself. The Art to support an amorous Conversation, is to take Care that it is not always amorous. Some little Excursions are absolutely necessary, after which the Return to your Passion will be the more agreeable. But what I can by no Means pardon in you, is your continual Languor. Recollect, I beseech you, that Women would have us love them, but at the same Time they would have us divert them, and he that does the one without the other does nothing at all; nay, they had rather perhaps be diverted without being loved, than loved without being diverted. Languor has its proper Seasons; but when it is perpetual, it turns to Stupidity. In his Conduct a Lover ought to be serious and uniform; but it is for his Interest to be sometimes gay in his Conversation. By the one he persuades, and by the other he pleases; and to please is commonly of more Value than to persuade. Fewer Conquests have been made by Fidelity, than by an agreeable Address. Nay, I do not know whether in Time poor Fidelity may not come to be reckoned a Fault. It is certain it will never suffice of itself, without some other Qualities to recommend it; nor will it cost you much Pains to make yourself Master of these Qualifications, since you need only become the same Person you was before you fell in Love. You have the Vice of plunging yourself too deeply in Love, and, when you are once in, of being merely a Lover, and nothing else; but you should live, as well as love. Adieu, my dear Friend; think yourself obliged to me for the Advice I give; for, if I consulted my own Interest, I should leave you to put an End to an Amour, which ingrosses you from your Friends. I am, Sir,

*Your most humble,  
and most obedient Servant, &c.*



## LETTER XXXIV.

*To the Same.*

S I R,

**H**AD you proceeded according to my Plan, you would now have been exempt from that greatest bane to human Happiness, Jealousy. I cannot as a Friend behold you thus distracted, without concern. Upon what is your Jealousy founded? Upon my Delicacy, you say. It is certainly good to be delicate, but not to cavil. Complaints of Delicacy are the Food of Love, but a Spirit of cavilling destroys it. You are one of those, who think they never ought to acknowledge themselves happy to the Person who makes them so, and do not know what Name to give to a Woman, whom they have no room to call cruel and inhuman. But take Care you do not exasperate her by the little Credit you give to those Marks of Tendernefs which she shews you, and that she does not resent your not taking her Word, when she tells you she loves you. A Lover ought immediately to agree that he is beloved when he is really so; but if he will absolutely complain, he may reserve a little Fund of Complaints on the Subject of more or less Tendernefs. But even then his Reproaches must be attended with the most amiable Transports, and not with a morose and uneasy Air. A Man always makes a scurvy Figure when he complains, and betrays a Weakness which he cannot be too cautious in hiding from the Person he loves. But of all Complaints, the most insupportable, are those which proceed from a jealous Temper. Was I a Woman, such insignificant Reproaches would provoke me to throw a Man out at Window. As for myself, I have either Esteem enough for those I love, to believe they can neither change, nor divide their Affection; or else I care so little for them, that neither the one nor the other would give me any Uneasiness; so that it is impossible I should ever be jealous. I am very sensible that, absolutely speaking, I may chance to be deceived; but then there are certain Assurances which ought to lull one asleep. If you believe indeed that

Love ought to be a Phrensy, and that two Persons, under Pretence of loving, should torment each other perpetually, and haunt one another like two vengeful Ghosts, I have no more to say; but, for my Part, I have more pleasing Ideas, and would willingly reconcile my Love to my Repose. Neither must you imagine that your Complaints will always be looked upon as Marks of your Tendernefs. Love indeed would have the Honour of them, if they happened but seldom; but when they once come to be frequent, you may depend upon their being charged to the natural Uneasiness of your Temper. There is a certain Medium which must be observed in all Things, even in Love itself, notwithstanding so little Reason is to be found in it. I am,

*Dear Sir,*

*Your most obedient,*

*and most humble Servant, &c.*

## LETTER XXXV.

*To Mr. ———*

*From a Lady of inferior Fortune, whom he courted for a Mistress.*

S I R,

AFTER concerting various Means to inform you of my Opinion concerning the Subject of your late Applications, I resolved upon the following; which if ineffectual, I desire the whole Affair may be forever forgotten. But, alas! what am I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I love you? But, after I have done so, I am to assure you, that, with all the Passion which ever entered a tender Heart, I know I can banish you from my Sight for ever, when I am convinced, that you have no Inclinations towards me, but to my Dishonour. But, alas! Sir, why should you sacrifice the real and essential Happiness of Life to the Opinion of a World, that moves upon no other Foundation

dation but professed Error and Prejudice? You all can observe that Riches alone do not make you happy; and yet you give up every Thing else, when it stands in Competition with Riches. Since the World is so bad, that Religion is left to us silly Women, and you Men act generally upon Principles of Profit and Pleasure, I will talk to you without arguing from any Thing but what may be most to your Advantage, as a Man of the World; and I will lay before you the State of the Case, supposing you had it in your Power to make me your Mistress, or your Wife; and hope to convince you, that the Latter is more for your Interest, and will contribute more to your Pleasure.

We will suppose then the Scene was laid, and you were now in Expectation of the approaching Evening wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what convenient Corner of the Town you thought fit, to consummate all which your wanton Imagination has promised you in the Possession of one, who is in the Bloom of Youth, and in the Reputation of Innocence; you would soon have enough of me, as I am sprightly, young, gay, and airy. When Fancy is sated, and finds all the Promises it made itself false, where is now the Innocence which charmed you? The first Hour you are alone you will find, that the Pleasure of a Debauchée is only that of a Destroyer; he blasts all the Fruits he tastes, and where the Brute has been devouring, there is nothing left worthy the Relish of the Man. Reason resumes her Place, after Imagination is cloyed; and I am, with the utmost Distress and Confusion, to behold myself the Cause of uneasy Reflections to you, to be visited by Stealth, and dwell for the future with the two Companions (the most unfit for each other in the World) Solitude and Guilt. I will not insist upon the shameful Obscurity we should pass our Time in, nor run over the little short Snatches of fresh Air, and free Commerce, which all People must be satisfied with, whose Actions will not bear Examination, but leave them to your Reflections, who have seen of that Life, of which I have but a mere Idea.

On the other Hand, if you can be so good and so generous as to make me your Wife, you may promise

yourself all the Obedience and Tenderneſs with which Gratitude can inſpire a virtuous Woman. Whatever Gratifications you may promiſe yourſelf from an agreeable Perſon, whatever Compliances from an eaſy Temper, whatever Conſolations from a ſincere Friendſhip, you may expect as the Due of your Generoſity. What at preſent in your ill View you promiſe yourſelf from me, will be followed by Diſtaſte and Satiety; but the Tranſports of a virtuous Love are the leaſt Part of its Happineſs. The Raptures of innocent Paſſion are but like Lightning to the Day, they rather interrupt than advance the Pleaſure of it. How happy then is that Life to be, where the higheſt Pleaſures of Senſe are but the lower Part of its Felicity!

Now I am to repeat to you the unnatural Requeſt of taking me in direct Terms. I know there ſtands between me and that Happineſs, the haughty Daughter of a Man, who can give you ſuitably to your Fortune. But if you weigh the Attendance and Behaviour of her, who comes to you in Partnership of your Fortune, and expects an Equivalent, with that of her who enters your Houſe as honoured and obliged by that Permiſſion, whom of the two will you chuſe? You perhaps will think fit to ſpend a Day abroad in the common Entertainments of Men of Senſe and Fortune; ſhe will think herſelf ill uſed in that Abſence, and contrive at Home an Expence proportioned to the Appearance which you make in the World. She is in all Things to have a Regard to the Fortune which ſhe brought you; I to the Fortune to which you introduced me. The Commerce between you two will eternally have the Air of a Bargain; between us of a Friendſhip. Joy will ever enter into the Room with you, and kind Wiſhes attend my Benefactor when he leaves it. Ask yourſelf, how would you be pleaſed to enjoy for ever the Pleaſure of having laid an immediate Obligation on a grateful Mind? Such will be your Caſe with me. In the other Marriage you will live in a conſtant Compariſon of Benefits, and never know the Happineſs of conferring or receiving any.

It may be, you will after all act rather in the prudential Way, according to the Senſe of the ordinary World.



World. I know not what to think or say, when that melancholy Reflection comes upon me; but shall only add more, that it is in your Power to make me your grateful Wife, but never your abandoned Mistress.

## LETTER XXXVI.

*To a Lady on being accused of Indifference.*

**T**HE Concern you express grieves my very Soul. I am sure, till Death makes me cold, I shall never be so to one whose I entirely am, not so much by Vows, as by the sincerest Passion and Inclination. No, my kind, dear, engaging Creature, sooner than utter one Sigh which is not for you, I would chuse to be the Contempt of Mankind, and an Abhorrer of my own loathed Being. Your Person is too charming, your Manner too winning, your Principles too honourable, ever to let a Heart escape, that you have once made entirely your own; and, when mine is not so, may it fester in the Breast of

*Yours, &c.*

## LETTER XXXVII.

*From a Lover to a Lady, whom he had slighted.*

**T**HOUGH forbidden to write more, I hope this Intrusion will be pardoned; when I assure the dearest as well as fairest of her Sex, that the Tumult of my Mind was so extreme, upon the Reflection of my late Folly, that I could not rest till I had acknowledged my Rashness, I hope she will continue her usual Goodness of forgiving one, that cannot forgive himself. When I think of my Unworthiness, I rave. I have been treated by the dearest and best of Creatures, with all the Honour and Sincerity imaginable, and my Return has been Brutality and Ill-manners. It is you alone, Madam, that have sweet engaging Ways peculiar to yourself: You are easy without Levity, courteous and affable without Flattery; you have Wit without Ill-nature, and Charms without being vain. I

cannot think of all your heavenly Qualifications, without upbraiding myself for making such barbarous and unjust Returns. I cannot think of what I have done, without a just Abhorrence; I loath and detest myself, and must needs own, I ought not to subscribe myself by any other Title, than,

*Madam,*

*Your Ungrateful.*

### LETTER XXXVIII.

*Written above forty Years after Marriage.*

MADAM,

**M**Y Omission I assure you arose from no Failure of my tender Regard for you; but having been very much perplexed in my Thoughts on the Subject of my last, made me determine to suspend speaking of it till I came myself. But, my lovely Creature, know it is not in the Power of Age, or Misfortune, or any other Accident which hangs over human Life, to take from me the pleasing Esteem I have for you, or the Memory of the bright Figure you appeared in, when you gave your Hand and Heart to,

*Madam,*

*Your most grateful Husband,*

*and obedient Servant.*

### LETTER XXXIX.

*From a Lover to a Lady, on the Recovery of her Health.*

**A**S your late Indisposition was to me a Source of inconsolable Woe; the happy Change was attended with inexpressible Joy! How my Heart sunk when I found the tenderest Part of my Soul seized with an Indisposition, her Colour faded, the usual Gaiety of her Temper eclipsed, her Tongue faltering, her Air languishing, and the charming Lustre of her Eyes  
setting

setting and decayed ! Instead of kind Expressions, full of Love and Endearments, I could hear nothing but Complaints, and the melancholy Effects of a growing Illness. It is true, my dearest Life, though you are as beautiful as Light, though sweet and tender as a Flower in Spring, though gay and chearful as dawning Youth, yet all these Perfections that captivate others, cannot secure you against the Tyranny of Distempers : Sickness has no Regard to your Innocence ; but the same ruffling Tempest, that tears up the common Weeds, blasts also the flagrant blushing Rose : But now, to the eternal Peace of my satisfied Mind, the feverish Heat is extinguished, and your Charms recover their usual heavenly Brightness ; I am the unhappy Wretch that feels their Force, and consumes of a Fever never to be extinguished, but with the Life of,

*Madam, Yours, &c.*

## LETTER XL.

*Containing a Recital, necessary to be read by all Degrees of the Fair Sex.*

S I R,

**I**N Obedience to your Desire, I have sent you a true History of *Aspirus*, that Composition of Perjury, Deceit, Hypocrisy, and Ingratitude ; in short, he is Master of every Qualification to make him compleat in Villainy.

Some Time ago, when he was ingratiating himself into the Favour of Men in Power, and whom he has since plotted to destroy, having Occasion for a small Sum of Money to maintain a Post, suitable to the Expectations which were then beginning to ripen in his Breast, and which was necessary to create an Esteem in some Inferiors, whom he designed for the Tools of his Ambition ; he borrowed five hundred Pounds of a Citizen, with Abundance of Promises, that as soon as it was in his Power, he would not only return the Money, but also raise the Lender to great Preferment.

But, alas! how were his Expectations disappointed! when afterwards happening to be reduced by Misfortunes, and *Aspirus* to be raised to the utmost Height, to which his Ambition could soar, the unfortunate Citizen applied to *Aspirus* for a small Post, which he knew was wholly in his Disposal. *Aspirus*, without making any Answer, asked him, if he had a hundred Pounds to bestow?

The unfortunate Citizen, shocked as he was at the ungrateful Demand, had Courage enough to tell him, that he had Reason enough to be sensible he had once more than twice that Sum to lend or give.

These Words were so far from making *Aspirus* ashamed of what he had said, that he coolly answered him, that nothing of the Nature he required could be granted without Money, and that he did not ask a Farthing more of him than he would have done of another Person.

The unhappy Petitioner, finding that there was no Good to be expected from him, and, notwithstanding his Misfortunes, was of too great a Spirit to make many Submissions to a Person who had been obliged to him, he made his *Congée*, and departed the Room with this Reflection, That he perceived none would be preferred by him, but such as by Perjury, or a known Contempt of Honour and common Honesty, were qualified for his Service.

Tho' *Aspirus* could not avoid hearing these Words, yet he seemed as if he did not; and knowing it was not in the Power of the injured Man to revenge himself, was very little concerned at what his Thoughts were of him.

There are a thousand Stories of this Kind with great Truth related of him; but this one is sufficient to let you into the Ingratitude of his Temper.

But the worst of all his Crimes is yet to come.—Not all the Business which ambition brings—Not all the Schemes which his indefatigable Brain has still been forming, for added Greatness and Increase of Wealth—Not all the Uncertainties, Fears, and rack-ing Doubts, which plague the Soul involved in dark  
Designs,



Designs, could so much take up his Thoughts as to leave no Room for amorous Desires.

Whole Years did he languish for a lovely Maid ; with all the Rhetoric which fierce Desire inspires, he fought her Favour, and implored her Pity.

He promised, vow'd, and swore ; but all in vain. All the Artifices, which he practis'd with so much Success in other Affairs, were fruitless here.

The amiable and truly virtuous Fair disdain'd his Suit, nor would she consent to make him happy, but on such Terms as were consistent with her Honour.

At last, being convinced by repeated Repulses, that all his Persuasions served but to make her more resolute in denying, he attempted to obtain by Force what Insinuation could not engage.

This Method proved also ineffectual ; but the raging Passion he was inflamed with, rendering it impossible for him to be easy without her, he pretended to become a Convert to her Virtue ; and satisfied her Scruples, by marrying her in as solemn a Manner as she should wish, except its being done in private, and that, he said, his Affairs rendered absolutely necessary.

She was extremely well satisfied with the Reasons he gave her, and contended herself with the Knowledge that she was his Wife ; though his frequent Visits to her, and the little Belief any Body had of what had pass'd between them, made all her Friends extremely uneasy, and not able to refrain from persecuting her both with Advice and Reproaches.

But she regarded not the present Stain her Reputation was clouded with, not doubting but a Time would come, when Convenience would permit *Aspirus* to clear it in such a Manner, as would greatly add to the Brightness of it, by joining to her other Virtues, that of Patience, in so long enduring those Censures which she did not deserve, and which was in her Power to silence whenever she thought proper.

She had indeed sufficient to compensate for her lost Character, while the Desire of *Aspirus* remained unsatiated ; but, when his Ardors cooled, and he visited her with an Air which had more the Appearance of a forced than real Tenderness, she then proved how well she

she knew the Duty of a Wife, and how much she prized the Interest of him she had made her Husband.

She had still Prudence enough to conceal the weighty Secret, and uttered Complainings to none but Heaven and *Aspirus*.

She had had two Children by him, before she entertained the least Thought of obliging him to do her that public Justice, which her Merits, and his Honour, required him to pay her; and doubtless had much longer have borne in Silence the oppressive Weight with which she was loaded by the Censure of the World, had she not been informed that he was making his Addresses to a Lady, and that Things were drawing so near to a Conclusion, that the Writings for the Marriage Settlement were actually drawing up by a Lawyer.

This was so shocking a Blow, that scarce all her Courage could enable her to sustain it; but having a little given Way to the first Emotions of her Rage, Recollection reassumed its Place: That Prudence which had so long advised her to bear, without endeavouring to redress the Grievances she laboured under, now bid her exert her utmost Faculties, to prevent the irreparable Mischief which threatened her.

Her neglected Love, her wounded Fame, and the Contumely which those sweet Innocents, who called her Mother, must hereafter endure in the Partnership of her Disgrace, told her, she must now, or never, retrieve herself and them, from the innumerable Miseries which foul-mouthed Detraction brings.

Resolving, however, if possible, to reclaim her Wanderer by gentle Means, she wrote to him the tenderest Letter which long-suffering Love and Virtue could inspire.

She entreated and conjured him to have some Regard to his own Honour, to his Vows, and the solemn Contract he had made before the Altar; to consider how much she had endured, and how little she had complained; and that he would, in Mercy and in Justice to herself and Children, avoid an Act, which must not only render them miserable, but also accursed himself, when cool Reflection got the better of Desire.

Abundance

Abundance of such like tender Remonstrances she made him, but concluded with an Assurance, that however inclinable she might be to pardon all Injuries done to herself, she could not, without becoming equally guilty of their Wrongs, consent to make them wretched, whom she had brought into the World, and who had no other Friend to take their Part; and that, if milder Means should fail, he must expect to hear, before a Court of Justice, the whole History of his Baseness, Perjury, and Ingratitude explained.

Receiving no Answer to this, she sent a second Epistle, the Contents of which were to much the same Purpose, as was also the Effect it had upon *Aspirus*.

She also sent a third and a fourth, which had equal Success; at length, being confirmed, by repeated Intelligences, that he was so far from breaking off his intended Match, that every Thing was preparing for it with the greatest Expedition.

She, therefore, resolved to throw off all Remains of Tendernefs for a Man so utterly unworthy of it, and at once expose him to the World. The first Step she took was, to send a Person with an Account of the whole Affair to the Lady who was his intended Bride: But that Lady, who was induced by other Motives, than that of Love, to marry with *Aspirus*, and believing, that if he really were the Husband of another, he would not dare to have proceeded so far with her, had very little Regard to whom his Inclinations were effected, or how miserable the Woman who took this Method to secure him must be, and returned her a very scornful Answer.

The abandoned Fair, struck to the Heart at so much inhuman Treatment on all Sides, vowed that she would no longer delay the Persecution of her just Revenge; and immediately sent for an ingenious Doctor in the Law, to whom she related the Whole of her unhappy Case. But, oh! how much more wretched than she imagined did she find herself, when taking from her Cabinet the Dispensation for her Marriage with *Aspirus*, with Intent to shew it to the Lawyer, she perceived that both his and her own Name had been written with something that would not retain Blackness, and that  
there

there now remained not the least Tincture or Appearance on the Parchment that any Thing had ever been written there.

The Detection of so scandalous and monstrous a Piece of Villainy, made her, for some Moments, appear like one who had lost her Reason; and, to add to her Distraction, the Doctor of Law, who did not chuse to be employed against a Man of so much Power as *Aspirus* was then become, told her, That she only imagined such a Contract had been made between them, and that he would advise her to let the Prosecution drop.

It was in vain she protested, that she was, in reality, his lawful Wife. She had no Evidences to testify the Truth of her Assertions. She knew not the Clergyman who married them; and he had taken Care never to subscribe himself her Husband in any of the Letters he had sent to her, always affecting to write in a Stile of Gallantry, which she, poor credulous Lady, had believed to have sprung from the Excess of his Affection for her, but which she now found a very different Reason for.

But, to whom now could she complain? From whom could she hope or expect Redress? None of those, to whom she directed her melancholy Story, had the Power to alleviate her Grievs.

There were but very few who pitied her Misfortunes, and hardly any who gave Credit to her Relation of her Wrongs.

*Aspirus* had, at that Time, so much wound himself into the good Opinion of Mankind, that nothing but himself, and the bare-faced Injuries he has since offered to a Multitude of Evidences, could have had the Power to have erased it.

In a melancholy Condition, little inferior to Madness, did this wretched undone Lady languish out her Days, till her Eyes were Witnesses of her then irretrievable Misfortune in the Marriage of *Aspirus*, which was celebrated with the greatest Magnificence imaginable.

Being unable to endure the Contempt, which those who hated her threw upon her on this Occasion, and  
undone



undone in every Circumstance that can make Life pleasing, she was about to put an End to her Miseries, by ridding herself of a hated Life; but, happening into the Company of a reverend Minister, she was by him diverted from those dreadful Thoughts, and taken to reside with him.

She there passes her Time with a Tranquillity which she could not have enjoyed, even in the utmost Grati-fications of her wishes; and now looks down with Pity on the incessant Turmoils, which haunt those People who are subject to the Changes of a busy and inconstant World.

Her beautiful Offspring, the two little Sons, are bred up under the Care of the same holy Man, to whom their once miserable Mother owes this happy Alteration in her State and Mind, and seem ordained by Fate for Blessings more sublime than their unnatural Father, great as he is, has the Power of bestowing, or than he himself is now capable of receiving; for dearly has he paid for his base Ingratitude and Breach of Vows to her, who was by Honour and Religion his only lawful Wife.

The Woman, whom he is now married to, proves to be a Punishment for the Wrongs he did the other. He loves her even to a Degree of Dotage, while she, disdainful of his Ardours, and a Libertine in Pleasure, profusely showers her Favours on as many as seem desirous of them; and as regardless of her own, or her Husband's Dishonour, as she is of his Tenderness, confesses to know no Joy in Love without Variety.

Thus he, who keeps many Thousands in awe, is, by a worthless Woman, governed; yet scorned; made the Tool of her Ambition, while he knows himself the Object of her Hate; and has it not in his Power either to throw off the slavish Chain, or gain the least Return for all his Kindness.

What Streams of Tears does he in private shed, to find himself the only one of all his Sex, whose Vows of Passion are unwelcome to her!

Oh! thou who delightest in Justice, suffer the perjured false *Aspirus* to linger out his Days in Diseases and Remorse; and full of Regret, but incapable of Penitence,

Penitence, grow hateful to the Gods, and avoided by all good Men.

May all perfidious Wretches, like himself, never meet a better Fate, that unthinking Mortals may be compelled to acknowledge the Folly of wicked Actions, and that there dwells a Power above the Clouds, who will reward the Virtuous, and inflict severe Punishments on the Wicked.

Always consider, that every Step in the Paths of Vice is followed with imminent Danger, however inviting they may seem to a purblind Sensuality, which is delighted with the beauteous Appearance, but discovers not the devouring Bogs, and prickly Thorns, that lie hid under the verdant Surface, and is too near-sighted to behold the frightful Prospect of those Chambers of Death, to which they lead.

- I am, &c.

## L E T T E R XLI.

*From a young Lady to a Gentleman, whom she suspects of Insincerity.*

S I R,

**T**HE free and ingenuous Manner, in which I have disclosed my Sentiments to you; claims a Return of the same Confidence: But I have Reason to fear, that the best Men do not always act as they ought. I write to you what it would be impossible to speak; but, before I see you, I desire you will either explain your Conduct last Night, or confess that you have used me not as I have deserved of you.

It is in vain to deny that you took Pains to recommend yourself to Miss Peacock; your Earnestness of Discourse also shewed me that you were no Stranger to her. I desire to know, Sir, what Sort of Acquaintance you can wish to have with another Person of Character, after making me believe that you wish to be married to me. I write very plainly to you, because I expect a plain Answer. I am not apt to be suspicious, but this was too particular; and I must be either blind or  
indifferent

indifferent to overlook it. Sir, I am neither; though perhaps it would be better for me if I were one or the other. I am,

*Yours, &c.*

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## LETTER XLII.

*The Gentleman's Reply.*

*My dearest Peggy,*

I AM astonished at your Suspicion of me, whose Heart and Soul you know are truly yours, and whose whole Thoughts and Wishes are but on you? Sweet quarreller, you know this: What Afternoon have I spent from you? Or who did you ever see me speak to without Dis taste, when it prevented my talking with you?

You know how often you have cautioned me not to speak to you before your Uncle; and you know he was there. But you do well to abuse me for being too obedient to your Commands; for, I promise you, you shall never get any other Cause. I thought it most prudent to be seen talking with another, when it was my Business not so much as to look at you. Miss *Peacock* is a very old Acquaintance: She knows my perfect Devotion to you, and she very well knew all that Civility and Earnestness of Discourse about nothing, was pretended. I write to you before I come because you commanded me; but I will make you ask my Pardon in a few Minutes for robbing me but of those few, which might have been passed with you, and which it has taken to write this Letter. My sweetest Chider, I am coming to you. After this never doubt that I am

*Yours most truly.*

## LETTER XLIII.

*From a Gentleman to a Lady, whom he accuses of Inconstancy.*

M A D A M,

**Y**OU cannot be surpris'd that I should substitute a Letter for a Visit. You should not suppose, if Lovers have lost their Sight, that their Senses are all banished: And if I refuse to believe my Eyes, when they shew me your Inconstancy, you must not wonder that I cannot stop my Ears against the Accounts of it. Pray let us understand one another properly; for I am afraid we are deceiving ourselves all this while: Am I a Person whom you esteem, whose Fortune you do not despise, and whose Pretensions you encourage; or am I a troublesome Coxcomb, who fancies myself particularly received by a Woman who only laughs at me? If I am the latter, you treat me as I deserve; and I ought to join with you in saying I deserve it: But if it be otherwise, and you receive me, as I think you do, as a Person you intend to marry, for it is best to be plain on these Occasions, for Heaven's Sake, what it is the Meaning of that universal Coquetry in public, where every Fool flatters you, and you are pleased with the meanest of them? And what can be the Meaning that I am told, you last Night in particular was an Hour with Mr. Marlow; and are so wherever you meet him if I am not in Company? Both of us, Madam, you cannot think of; and I should be sorry to imagine, that when I had given you my Heart so entirely, I shared yours with any Body.

I have said a great deal too much to you, and yet I am tempted to say more; but I shall be silent. I beg you will answer this, and I think I have a Right to expect that you do it generously and fairly. Do not mistake what is the Effect of the Distraction of my Heart, for Want of Respect to you. While I write thus, I doat upon you, but I cannot bear to be deceived where all my Happiness is centered.

*Your most unhappy.*

L E T.



## LETTER XLIV.

*From a Lover, determined to abandon the Lady.*

MADAM,

**I**F any one had told me lately that I should have thus written to you; I would as soon have believed that the Earth would have burst asunder, or that I should see Stars falling to the Ground, or Trees and Mountains rising to the Heavens. But there is nothing too strange to happen: One Thing would have appeared yet more impossible than my writing it, which is, that you should have given me the Cause to have written it, and yet that has happened.

The Purpose of this is to tell you, Madam, that I shall never wait on you again. You will truly know what I make myself suffer, when I impose this Command upon my own Heart; but I would not tell you of it, if it were not too much determined for me to have a Possibility of changing my Resolution.

It gives me some Pleasure, that you will feel no Uneasiness for this, though I should also have been very averse some Time ago even to have imagined that; but you know where to employ that Attention, of which I am not worthy the whole, and with a Part I shall not be contented. I was a Witness, Madam, Yesterday, to your Behaviour to Mr. Henly. I had often been told of this, but I have refused to listen to it. I supposed your Heart no more capable of Deceit than my own: But I cannot disbelieve what I have been told on such Authority, when my own Eyes confirm it. Madam, I take my Leave of you, and beg you will forget there ever was such a Man as

*Your humble Servant.*



## P A R T IV.

## MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

## L E T T E R I.

*A humorous Letter on Neatness.*

S I R,

**F**ORTUNE has united me to a Lady, whose Housewifery is applauded by all the Sex, that are acquainted with her. This, instead of affording me the least Satisfaction, is my Grievance: This super-abundant Neatness is so very troublesome and disgusting to me, that I protest I had rather lodge in a Carrier's Inn, or take up my Abode with the Horses in the Stables.

It must be confessed, that a due Regard to Neatness and Cleanliness is as necessary to be observed in our Habitations, as our Persons: But though I should not chuse to have my Hands begrimed like a Chimney Sweeper's, I would not, as among the superstitious Mahometans, wash them six Times a Day: And tho' I should be loth to roll in a Pig-Stye, yet I do not like to have my House rendered useless to me under the Pretence of keeping it clean.

For my own Part, I cannot see the Difference between having an House that is always dirty, and an House that is always to be cleaned. I could very willingly compound to be washed out of my Home, with other Masters of Families, every *Saturday* Night; but my Wife is so very notable, that the same cleansing Work must be repeated every Day in the Week. All the Morning long I am sure to be entertained with  
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the domestic Concert of scrubbing the Floors, scouring the Irons, and beating the Carpets; and I am constantly hunted from Room to Room, while one is to be dusted, another dry-rubbed, another washed, and another run over with a dry Mop. Thus, indeed, I may be said to live in continual Dirtiness, that my House may be clean; for, during these nice Operations, every Apartment is stowed with Soap, Brickduft, Sand, Scrubbing-Brushes, Hair-Brooms, Rag-Mops, and Dish-Clouts.

You may suppose, that the greatest Care is taken to prevent the least Speck of Dirt from soiling the Floors: For this Reason, all that come to our House, besides the Ceremony of scraping at the Door, are obliged to rub their Shoes for Half an Hour on a large ragged Mat at the Entrance; and then they must straddle their Way along several lesser Mats, ranged at due Distance from each other in the Passage, and, like Boys at Play, come into the Room with a Hop, a Step, and a Jump. The like Caution is used by all the Family: I myself am scarce allowed to stir a Step without Slippers: My Wife creeps on Tip-toe up and down Stairs: The Maid-Servants are continually stumping below in Clogs or Pattens; and the Footman is obliged to sneak about the House bare-footed, as if he came with a sly Design to steal something.

After what has been said, you will naturally conclude, that my Wife must be no less nice in other Particulars. Indeed, she cannot conceive that any Thing, which is done by so neat a Woman, can possibly give Offence: I have therefore been in Pain for her several Times, when I have seen her, before Company, dust the Tea-Cups with a foul Apron, or a Washing-Gown; and I have more than once blushed for her, when, through her extreme Cleanliness, she has not been contented without breathing into our Drinking-Glasses, and afterwards wiping them with her Pocket Handkerchief. People, indeed, who are very intimate with Families, seldom see them, especially the female Part, but in Disguise: And it will be readily allowed, that a Lady wears a very different Aspect when she comes before Company, than when she first sets

sets down to her Toilette. My Wife appears decent enough in her Apparel, to those who visit us in the Afternoon; but, in the Morning, she is quite another Figure: Her usual Dishabille then is, an ordinary Stuff Jacket and Petticoat, a double Clout thrown over her Head, and pinned under her Chin, a black greasy Bonnet, and a coarse dowlas Apron; so that you would rather take her for a Chair-woman. Nor, indeed, does she scruple to stoop to the meanest Drudgery of one; for such is her Love of Cleanliness, that I have often seen her on her Knees whitening an Hearth, or spreading Dabs of Vinegar and Fuller's Earth over the Boards.

It is observed by *Swift*, that "a nice Man is a Man of nasty Ideas:" In like Manner we may affirm, that your very neat People are the most slovenly on many Occasions. I have told you my Wife's Morning Trim; but, besides this, she has another Custom, which creates the greatest Disgust in me. You must know, Sir, that, among other Charms, she prides herself vastly in a fine Set of Teeth: And somebody has told her, that nothing is so good for them, as to rub them every Morning with *Scotch* Snuff and fasting Spittle. As an Husband is no Stranger, this Recipe is constantly administered in my Presence before Breakfast; and after this delicate Application, her pretty Mouth, (which is afterwards wiped for me to kiss) in order to preserve her Gums from the Scurvy, must be rinsed—would you believe it?—with her own Water.

I shall dwell no longer on this Subject, as I fear it may prove surfeiting both to you and your Readers: I shall therefore conclude with telling you, that this scrupulous Delicacy of my Wife, in the Neatness of her House, was the Means of our losing a very good Fortune. A rich old Uncle, on whom we had great Dependance, came up to Town last Summer on Purpose to pay us a Visit; but, though he had rode above sixty Miles that Day, he was obliged to stand in the Passage till his Boots were pulled off, for Fear of soiling the *Turkey* Carpet. After Supper the old Gentleman, as was his constant Practice, desired to have his Pipe; but this, you may be sure, could by no Means be allowed,



lowed, as the filthy Stench of the Tobacco would never be got out of the Furniture again; and it was with much ado, that my Wife would even suffer him to go down and smoke in the Kitchen. We had no Room to lodge him in, except a Garret with nothing but bare Walls; because the Chints Bed-chamber was, indeed, too nice for a dirty Country 'Squire. These Slights very much chagrined my good Uncle: But he had not been with us above a Day or two, before my Wife and he came to an open Quarrel, and the Occasion of it was this: It happened, that he had brought a favourite Pointer with him, who, at his first Coming, was immediately locked up in the Coal Hole; but the Dog, having found Means to escape, had crept sily up Stairs, and, besides other Marks of Want of Delicacy, had very calmly stretched himself out upon a Crimson Damask Settee. My Wife not only sentenced him to the Discipline of the Whip, but insisted upon having the Criminal hanged up afterwards; when, the Master interposing in his Behalf, it produced such high Words between them, that my Uncle ordered his Horse, and swore he would never darken our Doors again, as long as he breathed. He went Home, and, about two Months after, died; but, as he could not forgive the ill Treatment, which both he and his Dog had met with at our House, he had altered his Will, which before he had made entirely in our Favour.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your humble Servant,*

Thomas Lovedirt.

It may not be improper, as my Correspondent has but slightly touched upon this Topic, to add a Word or two, by way of Postscript to his Letter, on the extraordinary Solitude of many notable Housewives, in the Care and Preservation of their Furniture. In middling genteel Families, it is not uncommon to have Things more for Shew than Use; and I cannot but applaud the ingenious Thought of a Friend of mine, who has contrived to furnish his House, in the most elegant Taste, at a very small Expence. He is pleased, it is

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true.

true, to eat off your common Stone Ware, because it looks so clean; but you see his Beaufet crouded with a Variety of curious enameled China-Plates, which are ranged in such a Manner, as to conceal the Streaks of white Paint that cement the broken Pieces together; he likes to drink his Porter out of the original Ale-house Pewter-Pot; but a large Silver Tankard always stands upon the Side-board, which the most curious Eye cannot, at that Distance, discover to be *French Plate*. The whole Range of Rooms in his middle Story is most grandly fitted up; but, as it would be Pity to soil such good Furniture, his Curtains, which we must suppose to be made of the richest Damask, are carefully pinned up in Paper Bags; and the Chairs, of which the Seats and Backs are undoubtedly of the same Stuff, are no less cautiously skreened with ordinary checked Linen. Thus does he answer, by the Appearance of Finery, all the Purposes of Pride and Ostentation: Like many Families, who, being really possessed of ornamental and useful Furniture, make no more Use of it, than the Beau Blockhead does of his Library, which, though it contains many Books finely bound and gilt, is designed merely for Shew, and it would spoil the Backs, or rumple the Leaves, to look into the Contents of them.

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## LETTER II.

*From a Gentleman to a Lady, humorously resenting his Mistress's Fondness of a Monkey, and Indifference to himself.*

M A D A M,

**T**HE Contempt with which you receive my Addresses, and the Favour you manifest towards a Brute, cannot fail to excite at once my Concern and Indignation. Though a rational Man cannot wonder he is received with Neglect and Slight by a Lady, who can be taken up with the Admiration of a chattering Monkey? But pray be so good as to permit me to reason

son the Matter a little with you. I would ask you then, By what extraordinary Endowment this happy Creature has found Means to engross your Favour? Extravagance is never commendable. But, while I am dying beneath your Frowns, how can you be profuse in your Caresses to so mean a Competitor? Condescend to view us in the same Light: What valuable Qualification is Mr. *Pug* endowed with, which I am destitute of? What can he do which I cannot perform, though with less Agility, to full as good Purpose? Is it a Recommendation in him, that he wears no Breeches? For my part, I will most willingly surrender mine at your Feet. Be impartial for once: Place us together before you: View our Faces, our Airs, our Shapes, and our Language. If he be handsomer than I, which, on a strict Scrutiny, I hope will not be allowed him neither, pray try our Wits: However acute he may be, I can assure you I reckon myself no Fool; for if I was, I should less resent the Preference you give against me. I will sing or dance with him for his Ears: Turn him loose to me, I will fight him, if that be necessary to obtain your Favour; or do any Thing in the World to shew you how much I am, and shall ever be, if you will permit it,

*Your very humble Admirer.*

## LETTER III.

*Humorous Satire on Snuff-taking.*

S I R,

I T cannot be deemed impertinent to address you on a Subject, when I declare myself ignorant, whether or no it refers to your particular Practice. It is that of Snuff-taking, which I cannot help regarding as a national Plague, that, like another epidemical Distemper, has taken hold of our Noses. You Authors may, perhaps, claim it as a Privilege, since Snuff is supposed by you to whet the Invention, and every one is not possessed of *Bayes's* admirable Receipt, *the Spirit of Brains*; but give me Leave to tell you, that Snuff

should no more be administered in public, than that of *Majors's* medicinal Composition, at four Pence a Pinch, or any other Dose of Physic. I know not why People should be allowed to annoy their Friends and Acquaintance, by smearing their Noses with a dirty Powder, any more than in using an Eye-water, or rubbing their Teeth with a Dentrifice.

If a Stranger to this nasty Custom was to observe almost every one drawing out his Pouncet-box, and ever and anon giving it to his Nose, he would be led to conclude, that we were no better than a Nation of *Hot-tentots*; and that every one was obliged to cram his Nostrils with a Quantity of scented Dirt, to fence them from the disagreeable Effluvia of the rest of the Company. Indeed it might not be absurd in such a Stranger to imagine, that the Person he conversed with took Snuff, for the same Reason that another might press his Nostrils together between his Finger and Thumb, to exclude an ill Smell.

It is customary among those polite People the *Dutch*, to carry with them every where their short dingy Pipes, and smoke and spit about a Room, even in the Presence of Ladies. This Piece of Good-breeding, however ridiculous it may seem, is surely not more offensive to good Manners, than the Practice of Snuff-taking: A very *Dutchman* would think it odd, that a People, who pretend to Politeness, should be continually snuffing up a Parcel of Tobacco-dust; nor can I help laughing, when I see a Man every Minute stealing out a dirty Muckender, then sneaking it in again, as much ashamed of his Pocket-companion, as he would be to carry a Dishclout about him.

It is, indeed, impossible to go into any large Company, without being disturbed by this abominable Practice. The Church and the Playhouse continually echo with this Music of the Nose, and in every Corner you may hear them in Concert snuffing, sneezing, hawking, and grunting like a Drove of Hogs. The most pathetic Speech in a Tragedy has been interrupted by the Blowing of Noses in the front and side Boxes; and I have known a whole Congregation suddenly raised from their Knees in the Middle of a Prayer by the violent Cough-  
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ing of an old Lady, who had been almost choaked by a Pinch of Snuff in giving Vent to an Ejaculation. A celebrated Actor has spoiled his Voice by this absurd Treatment of his Nose, which has made his Articulation as dull and drowsy as the Hum of a Bag-pipe; and the Parson of our Parish is often forced to break off in the Middle of a Period, to snort behind his white Handkerchief.

It is not a Wonder, Mr. *Town*, that Snuff, which is certainly an Enemy to Dress, should yet gain Admittance among those, who have no other Merit than their Cloaths? I am not to be told, that your Men of Fashion take Snuff only to display a white Hand, perhaps, or the Brilliancy of a Diamond-ring; and I am confident, that Numbers would never have defiled themselves with the Use of Snuff, had they not been seduced by the Charms of a fashionable Box. The Man of Taste takes his *Straßburgh veritable Tabac* from a right *Paris* Paper Box, and the pretty Fellow uses a Box of polished Metal, that, by often opening it, he may have the Opportunity of stealing a Glance at his own sweet Person, reflected in the Lid of it.

Though I abhor Snuff-taking myself, and would as soon be smothered in a Cloud raised by smoaking Tobacco, as I would willingly suffer the least Atom of it to tickle my Nose, yet am I exposed to many disgusting Inconveniencies from the Use of it by others. Sometimes I am choaked by drawing in with my Breath some of the finest Particles together with the Air; and I am frequently set a sneezing by the odorous Effluvia arising from the Boxes that surround me. But it is not only my Sense of Smelling that is offended: You will stare when I tell you, that I am forced to taste, and even to eat and drink this abominable Snuff. If I drink Tea with a certain Lady, I generally perceive what escapes from her Fingers swimming at the top of my Cup; but it is always attributed to the Foulness of the Milk, or Drofs of the Sugar. I never dine at a particular Friend's House, but I am sure to have as much Rappee as Pepper with my Turnips; nor can I drink my Table-beer out of the same Mug with him, for fear of Coughing from his Snuff, if not the Liquor going the

wrong Way. Such eternal Snuff-takers as my Friend should, I think, at Meal-times, have a Screen flapping down over the Nose and Mouth, under which they might convey their Food, as you may have seen at the Masquerade; or, at least, they should be separated from the rest of the Company, and placed by themselves at the Side-table, like the Children.

This Practice of Snuff-taking, however inexcusable in the Men, is still more abominable in the other Sex. Neatness and Cleanliness ought to be always cultivated among the Women; but how can any Female appear tolerably clean, who so industriously bedaubs herself with Snuff? I have with Pain observed the Snow-white Surface of an Handkerchief or Apron sullied with the Scatterings from the Snuff-box; and whenever I see a Lady thus besmeared with *Scotch* or *Havannab*, I consider her as no cleanlier than the Kitchen-wench scouring her Brasses, and begrimed with Brick-dust and Fuller's Earth. Housewifery Accomplishments are at present seldom required in a well-bred Woman: Or else I should little expect to find a Wife in the least notable, who keeps up such a constant Correspondence between her Fingers and Nose; nor indeed would any one think her Hands at all fit to be employed in making a Pudding.

It should be remembered by the younger Part of your fair Readers, that Snuff is an implacable Enemy to the Complexion, which in Time is sure to take a Tinge from it: They should therefore be as cautious of acquiring a fallow Hue from this Bane of a fair Skin, as of being tanned or freckled by exposing their delicate Faces to the scorching Rays of the Sun. Besides, as the Nose has been always reckoned a principal Ornament of the Face, they should be as careful to preserve the Beauty of it as of any other Feature, and not suffer it to be undermined or bloated by so pernicious an Application as Snuff-taking. For my own Part, I should as soon admire a celebrated Toast with no Nose at all; as to see it prostituted to so vile a Purpose. They should also consider, that the Nose is situated very near the Lips; and what Relish can a Lover find in the Honey of the latter, if at the same Time

Time he is obliged to come into close Contact with the former? Rather than Snuff-taking should prevail among the Ladies, I would wish it were the Fashion for them to wear Rings in their Noses, like the savage Nations: Nay, I could even carry it still farther, and oblige those pretty Females, who could be still Slaves to Snuff, to have their Nostrils bored through as well as their Ears, and instead of Jewels, to bear Rolls of Pig-tail bobbing over their upper Lips.

We cannot otherwise account for this Fashion among the Women, so unnatural to their Sex, than that they want Employment for their Hands. It was formerly no Reflection for a young Lady to be seen in the best Company busied with her Work: But a Girl now-a-days would as soon be surprised in twirling a Spinning-wheel, as in handling a Thread-paper. The Fan or the Snuff-box are now the only Implements they dare to use in Public: Yet surely it would be much more becoming, to have the Fore-finger pricked and scarified with the Point of a Needle, than to see it embrowned with squeezing together a filthy Pinch of Snuff.

*I am, S I R,*

*Your humble Servant, &c.*

## LETTER IV.

*A humorous Epistle of Neighbourly Occurrences and News to a Bottle Companion Abroad.*

*Dear Bob,*

**I**T gave me Pleasure to hear that you still continue President of the jovial Society of Honest Fellows. You doubtless expect from me an Account of what has happened among your old Acquaintance since you have been Abroad. I will give it you, and, 'bating that two or three Years always make vast Alterations in *mature* Life, you would be surprised at the Havock and Changes that small Space of Time has made in the Circle of our Acquaintance. To begin then with myself: I

H 4

have

have had the Misfortune to lose my Son *Jo*; and my Daughter *Judy* is married, and has brought me another *Jo*. *Jack Kidd* of the *Fountain*, where we kept our Club, has lost his Wife, who was a special Bar-keeper, got his Maid *Prisc.* with Child—you remember the Slut by her mincing Airs—married her, and is broke: But not till he had, with his horrid Stum, poisoned Half the Society. We began to complain of his Wine, you know, before you left us; and I told him he should let us have Neat, who drank our Gallons, if he was honest to *himself*; and, if he was to regard *Conscience* as well as *Interest*, must do less Harm by dispensing his Rats bane to those who drank Pints, than to those honest Fellows who swallowed Gallons, and, in so handsome a Dose of the one, must take a too large Quantity of the other: But the Dog was incorrigible; for he went on brewing and poisoning, till he killed his best Customers: And then what could he expect?

Why, what followed; for truly, *Bob*, we began to tumble like rotten Sheep. As thus: The Dance was begun by that seasoned Sinner *Tim. Brackley*, the Half-pint Man, who was always sotting by himself, with his *Whets* in the Morning, his *Correctives* after Dinner, and *Digestives* at Night, and at last tipp'd off of one of the Kitchen-benches in an Apoplexy. 'Tis true, he was not of our Club; though we might have taken Warning by *his Fall*, as the Saying is; but were above it. So the Rot got among us; and first, honest laughing *Jack Adams* kick'd up of a Fever. *Tom. Dandy* fell into a Jaundice and Dropsy, and, when his Doctor said he was mending, slipp'd through their Fingers, in Spite of their Art and Assurance. *Roger Harman*, the Punster, then tipp'd off the Perch, after very little Warning, and was followed in a Week by *Arthur Sykes*. *Ralph Atkins* bid us Good-by in a few Months after him. And *Ben. Tomlyns*, who, you remember, would never go Home sober, tumbled down Stairs, and broke his Collar-bone. His Surgeon took him first, a Fever next, then his Doctor; and then, as it were of Course, *Death*: A natural Round enough, you will say, *Bob*, His Widow made a handsome Burial for poor *Ben*, took on grievously, and in five Weeks



Weeks married her Journeyman. *Jemmy Hawkins* was a long Time ailing, yet would not leave off; so he died, as one may say, of a *more* natural Death. *Ralph Rawlins* fell sick, after a large Dose; and had so narrow an Escape, that he was frightened into a Regimen, and now drinks Asses Milk of another Complexion than that which gave him his Malady; and, between *Physic* and the *Hip*, serves for a *Memento Mori* to others, and neither lives nor dies himself. While honest Captain *Tinker*, who was deep gone in a Consumption, is in very little better Case: And if any Thing saves *him* and *me*, and the rest of our once numerous Society, it will be the Bankruptcy of our worthy Landlord; for that has quite broke us up.

So much for the *Club*, *Bob*. Now to the *Neighbourhood* about us, that you and I knew next best.

*Jerry Jenkins*, the prim Mercer, has had a Statute taken out against him, and five Shillings in the Pound is all the Result of his pragmatistical Fluttering. *Dan. Pecoek*, the Draper, has had an Estate left him, and quitted Business: While *Sam. Simpson*, the Grocer, has lost one in Law, and gone mad upon it. See, *Bob*, the Ups and Downs of this transitory State! *Harry Barlow*, the Turkey Merchant, has left off to his Nephew, and now pines for want of Employment. *Joshua Williams*, the Cheesemonger, a strange projecting Fellow, you know! is carried out of his Shop into a Sponging-house by his own Maggots. *John Jones*, the Organist, is married to *Sykes's* Daughter *Peggy*, who proves an errant Shrew, and has broke about his Head his best *Cremona* Fiddle, in the Sight of half a dozen Neighbours. The Wife of *Job Johnson*, our Sword-cutler, has eloped from him. You know, they always lived like Dog and Cat. *Paul Lane's* Daughter *Poll* has had a Bastard by 'Squire *Wilson's* Coachman; and the 'Squire's own Daughter, Miss *Nelly*, has run away with her Father's Postilion. *Dick Jenkyns*, that vile Rake and Beau, is turned *Quaker*; and that still greater Libertine, *Peter Mottram*, *Methodist*: While old *Satan*, to make up his Loss in these two, has subdued *Will Wigley* and *Tom Allen*, who you know used to be very hopeful young Fellows, and are now Rakes of the

Town. *Tony Williams* I had like to have forgot. He has cheated all our Expectations, having 'scaped the Gallows, and died a natural Death, after an hundred Rogueries, every one of which deserved Hanging.

Parson *Matthews* goes on preaching and living excellently, and has still as many Admirers as Hearers, but no Preferment: While old clumsy Parson *Dromedary* is made a Dean, and has Hopes, by his Sister's Means, who is a Favourite of a certain great Man, to be a Bishop.

As to the News of a *public* Nature, the Papers, which no Doubt you see in the monthly Collections at least, will inform you best of that. By them however you will find very little Judgment to be formed of our Affairs, or our Ministers, as to the one being, and the other doing, Right or Wrong. For while some are made as black as Devils on one Side, they are made as white as Angels on the other. They never did one good Thing, says the Enemy. They never did one bad one, says the Friend. For my own Part, I think, considering the undoubted Truth of the Maxim, *Humanum est errare*, and how much easier it is to find a Fault than to mend one; the Gentlemen in the Administration will be well off, if the Public will middle the Matter between the two Extremes. Mean Time one Side goes on, accusing without Mercy; the others acquitting without Shame. 'Tis the Business of one Set of Papers to bespatter and throw Dirt, and of the other to follow after them, with a Scrubbing-brush and a Dish-clout: And after all—the one bedaubes so plentifully, and the other wipes off so slovenly, that, let me be hanged, *Bob*, if I'd appear on 'Change with the Coat on my Back that a certain great Man stalks about in, without Concern, when these Dawbers and Scourers have done their worst and their best upon it. But 'tis a great Matter to be used to such a Coat. And a great Happiness, I'll warrant, your Name-sake thinks it, that with all this Rubbing and Scrubbing, it does not appear threadbare yet, after twenty Years Wear, and an hundred People trying to pick Holes in it.

But I have done with my News, and my Politicks, in which I was ever but a Dabbler; and having written

ten a terrible long Letter, and given you, as it were, the World in Miniature, think it Time to close it; which I shall do with wishing, that now our poisoning Landlord *Kidd* is broke and gone, you were among us your old Friends now-and-then, to enliven us with your chearful Pipe, as you used to do in the Days of *Yore*, when we were all alive and merry. And with this hearty Wish, I conclude myself, dear *Bob*,

*Your old Bottle-Companion,*

*and humble Servant,*

Thomas Suckwell.

## LETTER V.

*To an old Lady who smoaked Tobacco.*

M A D A M,

PERMIT me to advise you not to part with the innocent Diversion of Smoaking, though censured by the officious World. In the *first* Place, Madam, it is healthful, and as *Galen, De Ufu Partium*, rightly observes, is a sovereign Remedy for the Tooth-ach, the constant Persecutor of old Ladies. *Secondly*, Tobacco, though it be a heathenish Weed, is a great Help to Christian Meditations, which is the Reason, I suppose, that recommends it to our Parsons; the Generality of whom can no more write a Sermon without a Pipe in their Mouths, than a Concordance in their Hands. Besides, every Pipe you break may serve to put you in Mind of Mortality, and shew you upon what tender Accidents Man's Life depends. I know a dissenting Minister, who, on Fast-days, used to mortify upon a Rump of Beef, because it put him, as he said, in Mind, that all Flesh was Grass; but I am sure, much more may be learned from Tobacco. It may instruct you that Riches, Beauty, and all the Glories of this World, vanish like a Vapour. *Thirdly*, it is a pretty Play-thing; a Pipe is the same Thing with an old Woman, that a Gallant is to a young one, by the same Token

they make both water at the Mouth. *Fourthly and lastly*, it is fashionable, at least it is in a fair Way of being so; cold Tea, you know, has been this long while in Reputation at Court; and the Gill as naturally ushers in the Pipe, as the Sword-bearer walks before the Lord-Mayor.

*I am, Madam,*

*Your most obedient humble Servant.*

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## LETTER VI.

*To a Lady, with a Looking-glass, after having broke her's.*

M A D A M,

**A** CCEPT this as a Restitution, not a Present, which though it may seem of a trifling Value, yet if you look attentively upon it, it will shew you one of the most charming Objects in the World. To keep you no longer in Suspence, you will see there the Picture of my Mistress. I should not care to make this Discovery to another Person, but think I may venture to confide in you without being thought indiscreet. I must tell you, that you will see there two charming Eyes, such Eyes as are worth a thousand others; but then I must confess they are very mischievous. I know you have an absolute Power over them, and that they are entirely at your Disposal. Wherefore I take the Liberty of beseeching you to order the Matter so, that I may be no longer a Sufferer by them; which will infinitely oblige,

*Madam,*

*Your most humble*

*and most obedient Servant, &c.*

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## LETTER VII.

*On being confined at Home on Sunday.*

M A D A M,

**N**OTHING but Indisposition shall detain me from Church another Sunday. Mrs. — going thither



ther this Afternoon, would not permit her little Dogs to accompany her, for fear of wetting their Feet, but left them under my Care at Home; a Trust which brought me no small Fear and Vexation, as the Sequel will inform you.

I had scarce turned over a Leaf in Dr. *Tillotson*, when I was alarm'd with an unusual Rumbling over my Head: Some Rogues, I warrant ye, thought I with myself; they are got into the House, believing there is no Body at Home; for I was shut up in the Parlour. With that I stepped to my Sword, which stood peaceably behind the Clock, and having drawn it, stole softly up Stairs, and advanced with great Boldness towards the Door, from whence the Noise come, carrying my Point before me; but when I entered, with Villians and Robbers at my Tongue's End, I found nothing worse in the Chamber, than two little Shock Dogs at play upon a Table: Shame and Anger now possessed me, instead of my late Resolution and Magnanimity, and I sneak'd down Stairs, driving however the Enemy before me.

Neither pleased with myself nor my Adventure, I fate down to compose my Spirits, and smook a Pipe; but, while I was filling it, I heard a Rustling and Scratching somewhere near me, but could not see what caused it: Having looked high and low, and being still at a Loss, this, says I, must certainly be Goody *Wrinkle*. I remember I denied the old Witch a Pipe of Tobacco two Months ago, and now she is come to be revenged. Whilst I was speaking I heard something fall, which calling abroad my Eyes, I perceived the Pepper-Box rolling along the Boards without any Assistance; and, before I had Time to bless myself, a Salt-cellar, of its own Accord, came trundling after it.

This confirmed my Apprehensions, and I, lifted up my Hands, and would certainly have fallen upon my Knees, had not a sudden Discovery prevented me; the Cat had got into the Beaufet among the Glasses, and given Life and Motion to the above-named Utensils, and set them a travelling.

I was glad to find it was no worse, and, taking her by

by the Tail, endeavoured to pull her down; but Puss, resolving to maintain her Ground, closely embraced a Glass Decanter, and sternly display'd her outrageous Fangs at me. This wrathful Threatening from the Cat put new Dread into me, almost as great as the last, and I stood trembling and praying for myself and the Decanter, and devising Means to save both of us. At last I bethought me of the Poker, which I had put into the Fire to kindle my Pipe with, and taking it from thence clapped it red-hot to her Nose. This awaken'd fresh Fury in my Adversary, and she flew directly at me; but, missing my Face, did me no Harm.

These several Frights being over, I again betook myself to Dr. *Tillotson*; but, alas, Madam, Misfortunes never come single! A Whelp just come from Nurse had got under the Grate, and a Coal falling upon him, he set up such a lamentable Outcry, as discomposed me more than all my past Fears had done; for I hate Noise mortally, as much as you fine Ladies hate a Cat or an old Batchelor: I therefore ran out of Doors with all my Might, and staid in the Stable (for it rained) half an Hour good, till the Creature had done bewailing himself.

Once more, with as much Calmness as one in my Circumstances could practise, I placed myself in my Chair, and was summoning into my Thoughts divers Arguments for the Exercise of Patience. To be moved and transported, said I, upon little Provocations, argues a little Spirit. Passion, like other ill Habits, improves by Indulgence. He who cannot bear Noise must cork himself up in a Bottle, and never look Daylight in the Face. What if I had been bred a Miller, or a Brazier, or, which is worse than either, been married for my Sins to the Countess of — ?

As I was thus chastizing myself, *Slut* and *Chloe* went to Loggerheads, about a Bone, fiercely and loudly; the little *Beagle* stood at a Distance and barked; *Tray* grumbled, and snatched away the Prize from them all; and then they all with open Mouths fell upon him.

In this Confusion and Uproar, what does poor I but fret and storm, and seize once more my faithful Weapon, the Poker. But, as I started from my Seat

to command the Peace, I unluckily trod upon the Tail of the said *youngster*, who exalted his Throat louder than ever.

I now lost all Patience: I overturned the Table, threw away the Poker, and took the other Race to the Stable. Having there cursed my Stars, and supported the Manger another half Hour, I made bold to return, and cleared the House of all the Dogs that were in it.

Hoping now for some Respite and Ease, I threw myself into my Chair, but so peevish and discomposed, that neither Divinity nor Tobacco would go down with me. All I could do was to cut my Nails, and gaze on the Fire. In short, I looked as simple as I used to do, when you, Madam, looked coy.

But even this stupid Condition of mine had Quietness in it, and therefore I was not suffered to enjoy it long. The excluded Curs kept scraping and yelping at the Door, and so filled me with new Rage and Resentment. So I pulled my Hat off the Pin where it hung, and running to the Door full Speed, opened it to my restless Foes, and left the House, with a hearty Prayer, to themselves.

I am now at a publick House, making my Complaint to you. If you, Madam, do not hear and pity me, I know none else that will. Continue always a good merry Maid, till Heaven and yourself permit me to make you otherwise.

*I am, Madam,*

*Your most affectionate*

*humble Servant.*

## LETTER VIII.

*Humorous Letter, on the Consequence of standing up for the lean Women against the fat.*

S I R,

THE following odd Adventure will, I presume, contribute somewhat to your Amusement. Although I have lived so many Years in the Army without

out a Quarrel upon my Hands, I am now engaged in a very strange one; and what do you think was the Occasion of it? You must know, I dined very peaceably at my own Lodgings; and, after Dinner was over, I took a Walk with four or five Gentlemen in the Garden. We had exhausted all the public News at Dinner, we had drained the Gazettes and the Mercuries, talked over the Disorders of *Poland*, and the Troubles of *Hungary*; and what should our Discourse run upon now but Women? You cannot expect, that the Conversation of Soldiers should turn upon Matters of Gallantry, in so fine and delicate a Manner as the Conversation in *Clælia*. Thus, we did not amuse ourselves about the Difference between Love and Friendship, or assign the precise Limits between Esteem and Inclination. The Question in Debate was, which were the handsomest of the two, the lean Women, or the fat? Since I was obliged to chuse one of these two Extremes, I resolved to declare myself in Favour of the lean. There happened to be a broken Captain in Company, who began to maintain the opposite Side; but with as much Fury and Eagerness, as if he had been going to engage an Enemy; so that I was forced to raise the Pitch of my Voice to keep up with him. He pretended that there was Grace and Majesty in a fat Woman, which commanded Respect and Adoration from all that saw her. All this I turned into Ridicule, and performed my Part so happily, that I had all the Laughter on my Side. When it came to my military Man's Turn to jeer the lean, not a Man of us seconded his Raillery. This went to the very Heart and Soul of him. As for me, I expressed myself in the Language of a Conqueror; and I must own to you, that my Vanity was not a little puffed up, with having gained so important a Victory for the lean. My Spark, enraged at his Defeat, began at last to be scurrilous, and addressed himself personally to me; but the Company thought it become them, in Point of Prudence, to put a Stop to the Controversy. They told me, that the Captain was a passionate Admirer of a fat Lady, which made him espouse the Interest of all that were in her Circumstances;



stances; but this they ought to have informed me of before, by some Sign or other; and as I was not in Love with any lean Woman, I should not have contested the Point with him. It is about fifteen Days ago. Since this Dispute happened, I have made several Advances to my furious Antagonist, to make him forget this Affair; but he does not seem disposed to hear of any Terms of Accommodation. I suppose by this Means he hopes to ingratiate himself with his Mistress, and that, among other Protections, he has sworn to her, by all that is good and sacred, never to forgive the presumptuous Wretch that should think irreverently of a double Chin and a Tun-belly. Yesterday I had engaged to wait upon a pretty young Lady at a certain Hour, when I knew I should have an Opportunity of finding her alone. The Time was just approaching, and my Chairmen being out of the Way, I was forced to trudge it on Foot, when, passing thro' a narrow Lane, I came full butt upon my Captain, who cried out in an angry Tone, 'Slife, Sir, I have not forgot your late saucy Language; but, not having a Minute to lose, I answered him with the same Bluntness, and without so much as looking at him, told him, that I was not at Leisure to fight; and so on I marched, having something else to do. He would have been ravished to have had an Opportunity to tilt with me; but, to deal plainly with you, I did not think it worth while, at that Time to go to Loggerheads with him. The Lord knows what will become of this Business; but it would be pleasant enough, if our merry Dispute about fat and lean Ladies should bring us before those two worthy Gentlemen the Marêchals of *France*. I am informed, that my Adversary goes about from House to House, stirring and prepossessing all fat People against me; and indeed I have observed of late, that they look upon me with a very evil Eye. Now what shall I do, my dear Friend, in so pressing a Danger? I think I have no other Card left me to play, but to arm all the lean ones in my Defence.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your most humble, and most obedient Servant, &c.*

LETTER

## LETTER IX.

*Lord Rochester to a Nobleman.*

*Harry,*

**Y**OU cannot shake off the Statesman entirely ; for I perceive you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almost a Gazette: Now to me, who thinks the World as giddy as myself, I care not which Way it runs, and am fond of no News, but the Prosperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Error I wish to continue in them: For my own Part, I am not at all stung with my Lord M——'s mean Ambition, but I aspire to my Lord L——'s generous Philosophy: They who would be great in our little Government, seem as ridiculous to me as School-Boys, who with much Endeavour, and some Danger, climb a Crab-Tree, and venture their Necks for Fruit, which solid Pigs would disdain, if they were not starving. These Reflections, how idle soever they seem to the busy, if taken into Consideration, would save you many a weary Step in the Day, and help G——y to many an Hour's Sleep, which he wants in the Night: But G——y would be rich, and, by my Troth, there is some Sense in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find Rest. You write me Word, that I'm out of Favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admired, for the Disproportion of him and his Attributes: He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a singing Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, my dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs to shew yourself in the Country this Summer, contrive such a Crew together as may not be ashamed of passing by *Woodstock*, and, if you can debauch Alderman G——y, we will make a Shift to delight his Gravity. I am sorry for the declining

D———s,

D——fs, and would have you be generous to her at this Time; for that is true Pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

## LETTER X.

*From the Same.*

THIS Day I received the unhappy News of my own Death and Burial. But, hearing what Heirs and Successors were decreed in my Place, and chiefly in my Lodgings, it was no small Joy to me that those Tidings prove untrue. My Passion for living is so encreased, that I omit no Care of myself, which, before, I never thought Life worth the Trouble of taking. The King, who knows me to be a very ill-natured Man, will not think it an easy Matter for me to die, now I live chiefly out of Spite. Dear Mr. Saville, afford me some News from your Land of the Living. And tho' I have little Curiosity to hear who's well, yet I would be glad my few Friends were so, of whom you are no more the least than the leanest. I have better Compliments for you, but that may not look so sincere, as I would have you believe I am, when I profess myself,

*Your faithful, affectionate humble Servant,*

ROCHESTER.

## LETTER XI.

*From the Same to Cleora.*

*August 11, 1756.*

THO' it is but a few Hours since I parted from my Cleora, yet I have already, you see, taken up my Pen to write to you: You must not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future Letters, that I say fine Things to you, since I only intend to tell you true ones. My Heart is too full to be regular, and too sincere

ere to be ceremonious. I have changed the Manner, not the Stile, of my former Conversation: And I write to you as I used to talk to you, without Form or Art. Tell me then, with the same undissembled Sincerity, what Effect this Absence has upon your usual Chearfulness? As I will honestly confess, on my own Part, that I am too interested to wish a Circumstance, so little consistent with my own Repose, should be altogether reconcileable to yours. I have attempted, however, to pursue your Advice, and divert myself by the Subject you recommend to my Thoughts: But it is impossible, I perceive, to turn off the Mind at once from an Object which it has long dwelt upon with Pleasure. My Heart, like a poor Bird which is hunted from her Nest, is still returning to the Place of its Affections, and, after some vain Efforts to fly off, settles again where all its Cares and all its Tenderness are centered. Adieu.

## LETTER XII.

*From a Lady, relating an Account of her Journey to Exeter.*

**A**S we have one good Quality in our Sex, beyond what yours can boast of, that is, seldom to make a Promise without a Design to keep it, I have therefore been careful to let you see I cannot easily forget any Thing, which so great an Obligation as my Word engaged me to remember; and as there was nothing needful but a bare Remembrance of my Promise to induce me to preserve it; so I hope, on your Part, there will be nothing more required, to render what I have sent you acceptable, than a Willingness to receive it. I confess I have given you but a rude Account of my Journey, every Part just scribbled over with as much Freedom as it was acted, wanting Leisure to put it in any other than a loose Morning Dress, not questioning but it may please you as well without the Formalities of Stile, as a pretty Woman, without Stays, may some of your Acquaintance.

In



In the first Place, I shall give you a rough Draught of those disorderly Mortals our Company was composed of in the Stage Coach, viz. A Barrister at Law, an Attorney's Clerk, a Cornish Justice, a Taylor, and a Valet to a Parliament Man that would be ; but some Dispute arising in the Election, prevents me fixing his Title ; that, had I been travelling in a *Dutch* Scout, or a *Gravesend* Tilt-Boat, I could not have been treated with less Manners, or teased with more Impertinence.

The Justice, notwithstanding the Government's Care for the Reformation of Vice, was as drunk as a *Dutch* Captain before he engages, and, for the first Day, talked of nothing but Fox-Hounds, *March* Beer, Warrants, Whipping-Posts, and Vagabonds; hallowing as laudably in every Interval of Nonsense, as if he had been riding in three-quarters Speed, at the Heels of his Beagles, larding his other Qualifications, now and then, with a hey down, ho down, &c. which gave me good Reason to suspect he had been much more conversant with *Robin Hood's* Ballads, than with *Keeble's* Statutes, understanding the latter, I believe, as much as a *German* Juggler does Necromancy, or a Lord Mayor State Policy.

The Limbs of the Law were much disturbed at his Bawling; for I conceive they love No-Body's Noise but their own. They desired him to sleep; but he cried, Zounds, Sir, I won't sleep. I don't care a F—t for your Anger. I'm a Justice of Peace, and worth Thirty Thousand Pounds, and am the head Man where I live; and by G—d, if you come to *Lanceton*, I'll give you a Glass of the best *March* Beer you ever drank in your Life; but I will make a Noise if I please. I was in Hopes of seeing Law and Justice fall together by the Ears; but, at last, Justice slept, and Law got the better by surviving it.

The Taylor, had you seen him, you would have sworn he had been broke by the Jubilee Beaux; for he had Lines of Faith in his Face, and his Cloaths bore the Marks of Poverty. He complained very much of Trusting, and I find 'tis a common Calamity, and ruins more Families than a State Lottery.

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The Valet personated his Master to a Tittle, and was as arrogant and noisy as e'er a Country 'Squire in *England*.

Now, if I were to be hang'd, I can't tell who had most Manners of all these. The Lawyer slept a Dog Sleep most Part of the Way, I suppose the better to ruminate on the Causes he had in Hand. The Clerk was as impertinent as a Midwife at a Gossiping, I was as dull as an old Woman at a Funeral. They failed not to eat and drink heartily upon the Road, nor to make me club to the Reckoning. Justice and Law were both of a Side, and the Courts of Equity being very chargeable, I chose to submit upon any Terms, rather than seek for Remedy.

After the Fatigue of four Days, which might serve for a reasonable Pennance for all the Sins I ever committed in my Life, I arrived at *Exon*, where we met the Judges entering the Town in as much Triumph, as ever *Cæsar* did *Rome* after a Victory. The High Sheriff rode in as much State as a Colonel of the City Train Bands, and much in the same Order; only the Sheriff marched in the Rear of his Army, and the other in the Front. The next Day, being *Sunday*, called by the Natives of the Country *Maze Sunday* (and indeed not without some Reason, for the People looked as if they were gallied) I was waked by a tremendous Sound of a Horse Trumpet, imagined some Monster was to be seen, and looking out of my Window, I saw several Sorts. The first were Mrs. Sheriff and her Husband (for Women rule in this Climate, and therefore I gave her the Pre-eminence) in a triumphant Chariot, erected on Purpose for that Occasion, with *Dick* and *Doll* crouding to see their Worships, as if it had been his *Czarish* Majesty. The Custom, it seems, is to conduct them in this Manner to the most magnificent Church in the Place, where we will leave them to their several Ejaculations.

*I am your obliged Servant,*

YOU KNOW WHO.

LETTE

## LETTER XIII.

*Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby. An Apology for not writing.*

**Y**OUR making a Sort of Apology for not writing, is a very genteel Reproof to me. I know I was to blame; but I know I did not intend to be so, and (what is the happiest Knowledge in the World) I know you will forgive me: For sure nothing is more satisfactory, than to be certain of such a Friend as will overlook one's Failings, since every such Instance is a Conviction of his Kindness.

If I am all my Life to dwell in Intentions, and never to rise to Actions, I have but too much Need of that gentle Disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better Things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a Visit this Summer at *Sherbourne*. I am told you are all upon Removal very speedily, and that Mrs. *Mary Digby* talks, in a Letter to Lady *Scudamore*, of seeing my Lord *Barbours'* Wood in her Way. How much I wish to be her Guide through that enchanted Forest, is not to be expressed: I look upon myself as the Magician appropriated to the Place, without whom no Mortal can penetrate in the recesses of those sacred Shades. I could pass whole Days, in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary Beauties, that are to rise in those Scenes: The Palace that is to be built, the Pavillions that are to glitter, the Colonades that are to adorn them; nay more, the Meeting of the *Thames* and the *Severn*, which (when the noble Owner has finer Dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's Embraces through secret Caverns of not above twelve or fifteen Miles, till they rise and celebrate their Marriage in the midst of an immense Amphitheatre, which is to be the Admiration of Posterity an hundred Years hence. But till the destined Time shall arrive that is to manifest these Wonders, Mrs. *Digby* must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest Wood in *England*.

The Objects that attract this Part of the World are  
of

of a quite different Nature. Women of Quality are all turned Followers of the Camp in *Hyde Park* this Year, whither all the Town resort to magnificent Entertainments given by the Officers. The *Scythian* Ladies, that dwelt in the Waggon of War, were not more closely attached to the Luggage. The Matrons, like those of *Sparta*, attended their Sons to the Field, to be the Witnesses of their glorious Deeds; the Maidens, with all their Charms displayed, provoke the Spirit of the Soldiers; and Tea and Coffee supply the Place of *Lacedæmonian* black Broth. This Camp seems crowned with perpetual Victory; for every Sun that rises in the Thunder of Cannon, sets in the Music of Violins.

At *Twickenham* the World goes otherwise. There are certain old People who take up all my Time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other Company. They were introduced here by a Man of their own Sort, who made me perfectly rude to all my Contemporaries, and won't so much as suffer me to look upon them. The Person I complain of is the Bishop of *Rocheſter*. Yet he allows me to write three or four Sides of Paper to you, and to tell you (what these Sort of People never tell but with Truth and religious Sincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Your, &c.

#### LETTER XIV.

*From Mr. Pope to the Honourable Mrs. H\*\*.*

*Witty Letters undervalued in Comparison of sincere ones.*

MADAM,

ALL the Pleasure or Use of familiar Letters, is to give us the Assurance of a Friend's Welfare; at least 'tis all I know, who am a mortal Enemy and Despiser of what they call fine Letters. In this View I promise you, it will always be a Satisfaction to me to write Letters, and to receive them from you; because I unfeignedly have your Good at my Heart, and

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am that Thing, which many People make only a Subject to display their fine Sentiments upon, a Friend : Which is a Character that admits of little to be said, till something may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I don't like your Style : 'Tis very pretty, therefore I don't like it; and if you write as well as *Voiture*, I would not give a Farthing for such Letters, unless I were to sell them to be printed. Methinks I have lost the Mrs. L\* I formerly knew, who writ and talked like other People, (and sometimes better) you will allow me to say, you have not said a sensible Word in all your Letter, except where you speak of shewing Kindness, and expecting it in Return : But the Addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the Style of Wit and Abomination. To shew you how very unsatisfactorily you wrote, in all your Letters you have never told me how you do. Indeed I see it was absolutely necessary for me to write to you, before you continued to take more notice of me; for I ought to tell you what you are to expect, that is to say, Kindness, which I never failed (I hope) to return; and not Wit, which if I want, I am not much concerned, because Judgment is a better Thing; and if I had, I would make use of it, rather to play upon those I despised, than to trifle with those I loved. You see, in short, after what Manner you may most agreeably write to me: Tell me you are my Friend, and you can be no more at a loss about that Article. As I have opened my Mind upon this to you, it may also serve for Mr. H\* \* \*, who will see by it what Manner of Letters he must expect, if he corresponds with me. As I am too seriously yours and his Servant to put Terms upon you instead of good Wishes, so in Return I should have nothing but honest plain *how-d'ye's*, and *pray remember me's*; which not being fit to be shewn to any body for Wit, may be a Proof we correspond only for ourselves in mere Friendship; as doth, God is my Witness,

Your very, &c.

*Directions of Address to Persons of all Ranks, viz.**To the Royal Family.*

**T**O the King's most Excellent Majesty, *Sire*, or, *May it please your Majesty.*

To his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, *Sir*, or, *May it please your Royal Highness.*

In the same Manner to the rest of the Royal Family.

*To the Nobility.*

To his Grace the Duke of S. *My Lord Duke*, or, *May it please your Grace*, or, *Your Grace.*

To the Most Noble the Marquis of H. *My Lord Marquis*, *your Lordship.*

To the Right Hon. the Earl of B. *My Lord*, *your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount D. *My Lord*, *your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable the Lord F. *My Lord*, *your Lordship.*

The Ladies are addressed according to the Rank of their Husbands.

The Sons of Dukes, Marquisses, and the eldest Sons of Earls have, by Courtesey of England, the Title of *Lord* and *Right Honourable*; and the Title of *Lady* is given to their Daughters.

The younger Sons of Earls, the Sons of Viscounts, and Barons, are stiled *Esquires*, and *Honourable*, and all their Daughters *Honourable*.

The Title of *Honourable* is likewise conferred on such Persons as have the King's Commission, and upon those Gentlemen who enjoy Places of Trust and Honour.

The Title of *Right Honourable* is given to no Commoner, excepting those who are Members of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, and the three Lord Mayors of *London*, *York*, and *Dublin*, and the Lord Provost of *Edinburgh*, during their Office.

*To the Parliament.*

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, *My Lords*, or, *May it please your Lordships.*

To the Right Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeses in Parliament assembled, *Gentlemen*, or, *May it please your Honours.*

To the Right Honourable A. O. Esq; Speaker of the House of Commons, who is generally one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council, *Sir*.

*To the Clergy.*

To the Most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, *My Lord*, or, *Your Grace.*

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of S. *My Lord.*

To

To the Reverend the Dean of C. or Archdeacon, or Chancellor of D. or Prebendary, &c. *Mr. Dean, Reverend Sir, &c.*

All Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and Clergymen of other inferior Denominations are stiled *Reverend*.

*To the Officers of his Majesty's Household.*

They are for the most Part address'd according to their Rank and Quality, though sometimes agreeable to the Nature of their Office; as, *My Lord Steward, my Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Vice Chamberlain, &c.* and in all Supercriptions of Letters, which relate to Gentlemen's Employments, their Stile of Office should never be omitted; and if they have more Offices than one, you need mention only the highest.

*To the Soldiers and Navy.*

In the Army all Noblemen are stiled according to their Rank, to which is added their Employ.

To the Honourable A. B. Esq; Lieutenant-General, Major-General, Brigadier-General of his Majesty's Forces, *Sir, your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable the Earl of S. Captain of his Majesty's first Troop of Horse Guards, Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, Band of Yeoman of the Guards, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

All Colonels are stiled *Honourable*; all inferior Officers should have the Name of their Employment set first; as for Example, to Major W. C. to Captain T. H. &c.

In the Navy all Admirals are stiled *Honourable*, and Noblemen according to Quality and Office. The other Officers as in the Army.

*To the Ambassadors, Secretaries, and Consuls.*

All Ambassadors have the Title of *Excellency* added to their Quality, as have also all Plenipotentiaries, foreign Governors, and the Lords Justices of Ireland.

To his Excellency Sir B. C. Baronet, his Britannick Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Port, *Sir, your Excellency.*

To his Excellency E. F. Esq; Ambassador to his most Christian Majesty, *Sir, your Excellency.*

To his Excellency the Baron d'A. his Prussian Majesty's Resident at the Court of Great Britain, *Sir, your Excellency.*

To Signior W. G. Secr. from the Repub. of Venice, *Sir.*  
To G. H. Esq; his Britan. Majesty's Consul at Smyrna, *Sir.*

*To the Judges and Lawyers.*

All Judges, if Privy-Counsellors, are stiled *Right Honourable*; as for Instance:

To the Right Honourable A. B. Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable P. V. Master of the Rolls, *Sir, your Honour.*

To

To the Right Honourable Sir G. L. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, or of the Common Pleas, *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Honourable A. B. Lord Chief Baron, *Sir, or, May it please you, Sir.*

To the Right Honourable A. D. Esq; one of the Justices, or to Judge T. *Sir, or, May it please you, Sir.*

To Sir R. D. his Majesty's Attorney, Solicitor, or Advocate General, *Sir.*

All others in the Law, according to the Offices and Rank they bear, every Barrister having the Title of *Esquire* given him.

*To the Lieutenantcy and Magistracy.*

To the Right Hon. G. Earl of C. Lord Lieut. and *Custos Rotulorum* of the County of Durham, *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable D. C. Knight, Lord Mayor of the City of London, *My Lord, your Lordship.*

All Gentlemen in the Commission of the Peace have the Title of *Esquire* and *Worshipful*, as have also all Sheriffs and Recorders.

The Aldermen and Recorder of London are stiled *Right Worshipful*; as are all Mayors of Corporations, except Lord Mayors.

To P. S. Esq; High Sheriff of the County of York, *Sir, your Worship.*

To the Right Worshipful F. F. Esq; Alderman of Tower Ward, London, *Sir, your Worship.*

To the Right Worshipful C. D. Recorder of the City of London, *Sir, your Worship.*

The Governors of Hospitals, Colleges, &c. which consist of Magistrates, or have any such among them, are stiled *Right Worshipful*, or *Worshipful*, as their Titles allow.

*To the Governors under the Crown.*

To his Excellency G. Lord S. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, *My Lord, your Excellency.*

To the Right Honourable C. Earl of D. Governor of Dover Castle, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

The second Governors of Colonies appointed by the King are called Lieutenant-Governors.

Those appointed by Proprietors, as the East-India Company, &c. are stiled Deputy-Governors.

*To Incorporate Bodies.*

To the Honourable Court of Directors of the United Company of Merchants trading to the East-Indies, *Your Honours.*

To the Honourable the Sub-Governor, Deputy-Governors, and Directors of the South-Sea Company, *Your Honours.*

To the Honourable the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the Bank of England, *Your Honours.*

To the Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of Mercers.

**F I N I S.**